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Gorgeous Jayne, page 55.

Alfa Romeos, page 66.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
Remember The Alamo:	The day Davy Crockett died	*Gerald Rawling*	20
A Trip On The Light Fantastic:	Narrow-minded, from Welshpool to Llanfair	*M J Bass*	106
Carrie:	Our bird-watching stripgirl gets a ducking	*Steve Kingston*	120

GIRLS

Ann:	Our pinball wizard	*Keith Temple*	14
Princess Siggi:	She's our crown jewel	*Ed Alexander*	40
Jayne:	A winner who opted out of the rat race	*Michael Ancher*	55
Sheila:	We scoop the girl from an ice-cream van		78
Pamela:	Och aye the nude: it's a Glasgow ranger	*Donald Milne*	99
Penny:	Meet a lissom vegetarian	*George Shelton*	116

HUMOUR

Stands At The Motor Show:	Who's making an exhibition of himself	*Anthony*	27
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		87

INFORMERS

Motoring:	Red-blooded Alfa Romeos	*William Boddy*	66
Quest:	Women's secret fears, part 2		91

FICTION

Hot Seat:	The cure for impotency was a pain in the arse	*Dave Fountain*	48

SPECIAL OFFERS **Best of Mayfair** page 9/**Fashion Swiss Watches** page 23/**Mayfair Diver's Watch** page 54/**Sexy Nights Lingerie** page 86/**Sensational Silk Lingerie** page 89/**1987 Calendar and Diary** page 113

READER SERVICES **Letters** page 10/**Book Society** page 30/**Back Numbers** page 34/**Subscription Details** page 35/ **Binders Offer** page 98

CRITICS **Films, Discs, Eating Out** 31

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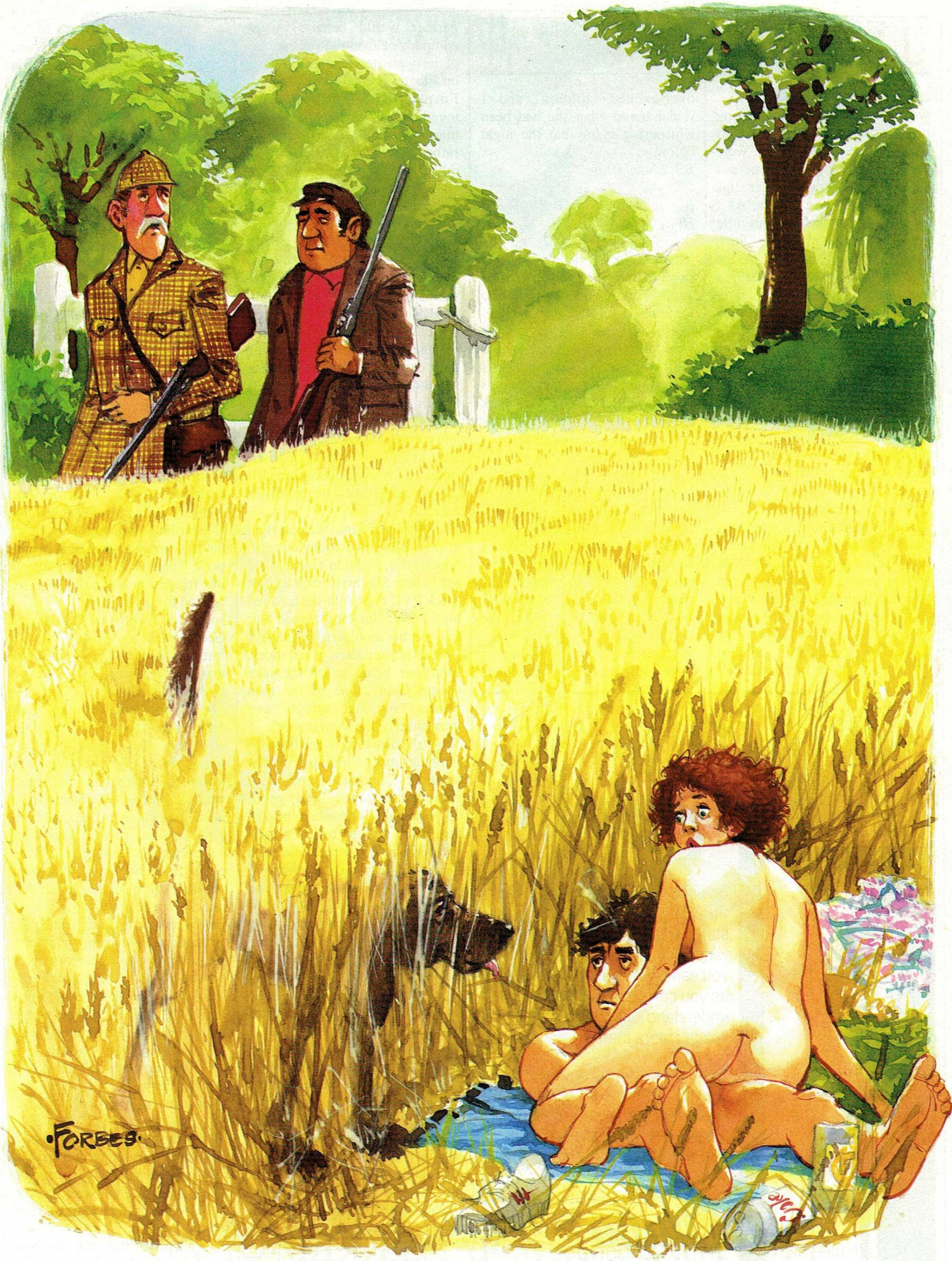


'I don't know why I bring that dog. He's never flushed a damn thing in his life.'

LETTERS

What a superb feature on playing cards in Vol 21 No 8. And what a fine collection of cards you used as illustration.

I'm not lucky enough to have as many packs as Yasha Beresiner, but I do have a small collection, principally cards that I picked up during the war, and later given to me as presents. They were works of art in their own right, and I shall certainly be buying his Emanuelle transformation set you mentioned in *Scene*.

I'm surprised that your feature didn't mention that perfect combination of cards and eroticism, namely strip poker. I've played the game many a time with wives and girlfriends, and it has always been amusing and often arousing too. It's always a pleasant surprise when the primmest woman in the room turns out to be wearing 'naughty undies'.

When we play, as we often do at parties, we usually only strip down to pants as we don't want to embarrass the ladies (who will shed their bras but no more). There are always plenty of laughs, and it breaks the ice nicely. It is very hard to be stuffy and pompous, half naked. Perhaps a feature on strip poker and erotic card games might be an idea?

'Jack Diamond', Hull

As a longtime *Mayfair* reader, many I congratulate you on Louise in Vol 21 No 4. She was a treat for those of us who find the depilated female nude more alluring than as nature provided.

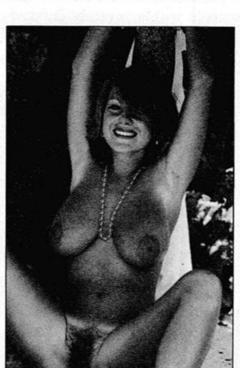
The point is not gross exposure, but simply the subtle hint of hairlessness indicating the willingness of the subject to indulge in a practice which is essentially pointless except in a sexual sense. Alas, it probably scratches like mad those lucky enough to enjoy a close encounter, but the willingness to attend to those parts is delightful.

A W, Ringwood

A quick poll amongst our staff has revealed that it certainly does not scratch like mad. But we would be interested in hearing other readers' experiences.

Vol 21 No 7 was most enjoyable particularly the pictures of the Makepeace look-alike and Brian O'Hanlon's piece on umpires. However from my point of view the photos of Vicki Patterson (below) were the icing on the cake. Keep up the good work!

J Pearson, St Leonards-on-Sea



Last summer my girlfriend and I spent a most enjoyable holiday at Santa Ponsa, Majorca. One of the highlights of the day (for me, anyway) was the sight of the topless ladies on the beach. Imagine my amazement therefore on opening your Vol 21 No 7, and seeing the girl whom I reckoned had Santa Ponsa's most magnificent boobs. I refer, of course, to Vicki. I remember the tattoo on her shoulder. Your feature on her made me weak. How about another appearance by her?

Paul Bradley, Birmingham

I'd like to comment on your feature *Army of Giants* in Vol 21 No 9. In it you claim that the town of Jülich is in Holland when in fact it's in Germany in the Bundesland Nordiheim-Westfalen, 30 km north east of Aachen. It's situated on the River Rur (not to be confused with the Ruhr). A second point is that you should never call the Netherlands Holland because Holland (north and south) is only a province of the kingdom of the Netherlands. It's similar to the Welsh and Scottish always being called English.

RK, Netherlands

At the risk of talking double dutch, the German/Netherlands border has altered somewhat since the days of King Frederick. However we shall be careful.

I was pleased, amused and not a little excited by the set of Pat in Vol 21 No 9. The photographs by Paul Von Stroheim were excellent, and I was entertained by her stories of being a lifeguard at a holiday camp. I found it particularly interesting as I spent one summer working at a similar place, and enjoyed it immensely.

I was one of a team of blazered staff whose job was to entertain the campers in the evening, and help them in whatever they chose to do during the day. I was about 20 at the time, and so were the rest of the staff, including some very attractive girls. They all wore shorts or mini-skirts and I must admit that their tanned legs and pert little bottoms used to excite me as I walked around. One girl, called Hilary (name changed), was particularly nice to me.

She was blonde, about 19, with a slim 34-23-34-ish figure. She was working as a children's entertainer which meant that she had to help organise all the treasure hunts, pirate runs and so on that Pat talked about. She was very good with the kids — but even more of a flirt with the grown-ups, especially me. Whenever she was on her own, she would greet me with a warm hug, and I would feel her firm thighs pushing into me. She was a real extrovert, and her hands would roam everywhere even when she was just saying hello. You won't be surprised to learn that we soon met in the evenings too.

Working at a holiday centre doesn't allow much time for socialising — officially we had to stay with the holiday-makers until the bars closed. We'd agree to meet in one of the bars at about nine, and whilst the customers were enjoying the act on stage, sneak into a dark corner. Even at our most adventurous, we could only manage a kiss and cuddle for fear the campers might suddenly spot us. However, running my hands along her bare thighs, slipping them inside her white mini-skirt and feeling the warmth within, whilst she held me and kissed me hard, was a fantastic feeling.

However, the other entertainments staff soon got to hear about our little liaisons, and practical jokes were common. Just as we'd start a long kiss the MC for the evening would suddenly have the spotlight turned on us, claiming he was 'looking for a nice couple in the audience to join him on stage.' Either that or still in my excited state I would be hauled up on stage to play a game where I'd end up being smothered in custard pies or, worse still, kisses from some drunken OAP!

However so long as we survived these little ordeals (and Hilary had her fair share of them as well. Once they dressed her in a huge chicken costume, and stole her clothes, so any naughty behaviour was a little difficult), eventually the bar would empty, and we'd be left alone. Then it was time to entertain ourselves rather than the holiday-makers. I'd slip off her blazer, and start to undo the white blouse she wore beneath. She'd be doing the same, removing my tie, and running her hands over my chest. Even underwear was uniform at (name of venue withheld), and Hilary always wore a white bra that fastened from the back. With her blouse undone, it was easy to slip it off however, and her pert little boobs bounced into view. I'd immediately start kissing and licking them, as my hands probed further up her skirt to her regulation white panties which were already damp. My fingers would inch their way in, as Hilary began to undo my zip. One more check to make sure the coast was clear, and she'd start stroking me.

Having massaged her through her panties, I then eased them down. One touch of her proved that she was ready for me. Often I'd pull her knickers off completely so that she could wrap her legs around my

turn to page 12

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

LETTERS

continued from page 10

waist, her bare bottom just resting on the bar table, and her skirt hiding exactly what we were doing. She'd cling to me hard as I slipped into her, and her lips clamped mine like a vice. As I pumped away, she'd let out little cries and whisper in my ear. 'Fuck me, Jim, fuck me, fuck me.' As the words were replaced by moans, I knew that she was about to come, and increased my pace. That sound of flesh hitting flesh seemed to reverberate around the empty bar, until finally I knew we were both going to come. Hilary would give a little yelp, and suddenly it was like biting into the soft centre of a chocolate. We both felt a wonderful sensation flooding our bodies, and I was the one supplying the moisture.

Quite often Hilary would want it again, by which time it was 2am, and we had to be up to help entertain the customers at breakfast around seven. I was pretty tired after the summer I can tell you.

However it never failed to amuse me when I spotted Hilary at work the next day in her clown's outfit or dressed as a pirate surrounded by over-excited children, and I remembered what she had been whispering in my ear the night before.

BB, Lincolnshire

It sounds like you had a really Hi-de-Hi old time, BB.

Vol 21 No 8 was particularly excellent. For a start there was Sarah Whittle. I don't normally go for young girls but Sarah's seductive, come-to-bed face had me weak at the knees. What's more she had a natural smile which is rather rare in glamour models these days. However, I don't think she will be another Samantha Fox — Sarah is far superior to Sam . . .

MS, Bedford

I am writing this with my boyfriend looking over my shoulder, who's agreeing with every word. What has prompted it is your *Quest* survey on testing relationships. I admit (with Geoff watching) that I have tested him, and he says that he has done the same.

We both feel that we would be a lot more suspicious of how our partner would behave in the company of an attractive member of the opposite sex if we didn't set up situations where this happens. I'm pleased to say that we are still together, and whilst we have not married, this is for convenience rather than lack of faith in each other.

One of the most common ways of girls testing their men is with strippers or kissogram girls at parties. That is exactly what I arranged for Geoff on his last birthday. I booked a gorgeous big-busted blonde to turn up in our local pub, strip down to panties and smother him with kisses. I knew that these girls enjoy flirting with their customers, and I wanted to see how Geoff reacted. He's always fantasised about 'naughty' girls (hence his monthly *Mayfair*), and whilst I enjoy being seductive and sexy, I don't ham it up in the same way as those kissogram girls do. Would he take it further than a joke?

The girl walked into the pub right on cue. If I wanted an obvious girl, which I did, I couldn't have asked for better. She arrived in a short black PVC coat with six-inch red high heels. Her long blonde hair fell over her shoulders, and her lips were as red and shiny as her shoes. Everyone being in on the joke except Geoff, one of the men pointed out her target, and immediately she went to work.

She walked up to him, and began to untie her mac, slipping it off her shoulders, saying, 'Geoff, I've come just for you . . .' His eyes lit up, especially when she removed the plasic mac to reveal a tight waisted basque in red satin with black stockings and suspenders. I know he loves that sort of gear, and would like me to wear more of it, but it's not exactly the sort of thing you do the shopping in, is it? Then, she reached around his shoulders, and began to kiss him all over his face. Naturally this was smothering him in lipstick, and I could see Geoff was loving it. In fact, when she broke off, I saw his smeared face break into that smile I know well — the one that means he's really turned on.

I was a bit disappointed in him then, because he started grabbing her and kissing her hard on the lips. His hands were roaming around the back of her basque, sliding towards her bottom, and from what I could see their mouths were definitely open, and their tongues wrestling. I was a little hurt, wondering what I'd started, especially since she hadn't stripped off yet.

That came next, as the girl insisted my Geoff undid the clips of her basque, then stood in front of him, as she peeled it away. She had big boobs, and Geoff was mesmerised. She even let him cup them in his hands, and I could see he wanted to kiss them. However, the girl kissed him instead, and led him to a chair and spent the rest of the evening sitting on his knee, letting him fondle her boobs, and occasionally kissing his cheek. Geoff kept his hand on her thigh, occasionally playing with her suspenders.

When it was time for us to leave, I was dubious as to whether Geoff had passed my test or not. He had obviously enjoyed himself, but would I be a let-down after the kissogram girl? We were supposed to be going for a birthday meal at a local restaurant after the drink, so I said to Geoff (who still had the girl on his lap) that we ought to go. To my great pleasure, he turned to the big blonde, and just said, 'Jane and I are going now. Thanks for a nice birthday surprise.' She got off his lap, and gave him a farewell peck. Then Geoff said goodbye to the friends in the pub, and we headed for the car.

I was still a little concerned that Geoff might be pining for his 'present' and not me, however, I was soon to find out. When we got into the car, he turned to me and said, 'Jane, you arranged that, didn't you?' I smiled. 'I thought so,' he said 'God, you're wonderful . . .' What followed was a great deal ruder than what he did with the blonde. His hands were inside my knickers, and rubbing away, and my panties were a lot less accessible than the kissogram girl's. Then he leaped over, and reclined my front seat . . . It felt like my birthday as well!

On my real birthday, for a joke, he arranged a male stripper for me. He says that was a test too, and I passed with flying colours. Incidentally, we have both learned a bit more about each other's little 'kinks' too, so these experiments have actually improved our love life. We recommend them to all your readers.

(Name and address withheld)

I am an ardent reader of *Mayfair* and have yesterday celebrated reading your magazine for eight years. An article on page 8 of Vol 21 No 4, has prompted me to write to you.

You mention that the average man's penis is six and a half inches long. Now I'm one of the underprivileged ones who suffers from an underdeveloped dick. My penis

turn to page 122

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LETTERS

continued from page 12

when erect measures 1.86 inches, and I have never discussed the problem with any members of my family (I am 26), since sex has always been a tabboo subject in our house.

I cannot ascertain the exact reason for such an abnormal size but I presume that this could be due to excessive loss of semen. I confess to masturbating from the age of 10, though I have never had sex for fear of being called names.

Is there any way I can overcome my problem? I have read that the UK is a good outlet for enlarging devices, and I did on one occasion seek the advice of a doctor and therapist but to no avail.

(Name and address withheld)

In our Consultancy feature in Vol 19 Nos 3 and 5, (available as a back issue — see page 34) Dr Steven Roles deals with your problem amongst others. One of the first things to remember is that penile size is unimportant. 'Most girls use just one finger to masturbate,' he points out. However if you wish to increase the size of your penis, various extension sheathes are available from firms that advertise within the magazine. As for the cause of your problem, this is purely physical. No amount of masturbation or sex will diminish the size of your penis.

You always call *Mayfair* a men's magazine but may I suggest that after all these years you change it's billing. I believe it should be called a 'couples magazine' because it is ideal reading for a man and girl together — especially in private.

I've read your issues with my wife since we were 'just good friends' in our teens. Then we used to share a copy on the sofa when our parents were out. Now, we are 'respectable married people' we can let our minds and hands wander freely as we leaf through your pages.

Our favourite place is, not surprisingly, in bed. Some old buffers may enjoy *The Times* being brought to them by a starchy butler, but for me there is nothing better than the sight of my wife in one of her shortie nighties bringing in your magazine when it arrives in the post. She gets back into bed, and we start by flicking through the girl pictures. Whenever I stop to look at one of them, I feel my wife's hand on my cock, stroking it. I'm very lucky, my wife has a superb body, and is never jealous of the models. Instead she delights in comparing her body to theirs, and if I compliment one of the models on her breasts, I immediately have Monica (name changed) placing my hands on hers for a direct comparison.

However, the best part comes when we start reading the letters pages together. Whenever we get to an interesting one, we re-enact it with either my wife or I reading out loud. Reciting a letter on oral sex is fantastic. Monica slides down under the covers as I tell the story, and I feel her lips and tongue on my penis. She loves giving my shaft and balls long strokes with her tongue, often sucking each of my testicles in turn. Believe me, it's quite hard to read when she does that. Then she begins to lick and kiss around the knob of my cock, describing circles around it with her tongue, teasing me mercilessly. At about this time I start jerking uncontrollably and Monica knows what to do next. I feel her lips parting over my knob, and sliding down as she takes all of me in her mouth. Still working away with her tongue, she starts sucking, moaning contentedly like a kid with an ice lolly. It isn't long before I feel myself coming, and have to stop reading. Monica then emerges from the blankets with a very contented smile on her face.

Sometimes it's the other way around, with me going down on Monica whilst she describes some of the adventures related in your magazine. It's lovely hearing her voice getting more and more breathless as I lick her pussy. And her little ooohs and ahhs in between her reading encourage me no end.

I hope you publish this, and perhaps we will be able to re-enact our own letter. I'm sure there will be others that will add to our own bedtime reading . . .

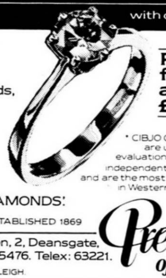
GM, Luton

I know that you are fond of pieces of graffiti, but my favourites are the pieces that have been added by some anonymous wit to official signs.

A church I spotted recently had a notice proclaiming, 'If you are tired of sin, come in!' Underneath in felt tip pen, a local lady had added, 'If you're not, ring Maidstone . . .'

I tried but unfortunately she was engaged.

Jeff Tracy, Tonbridge



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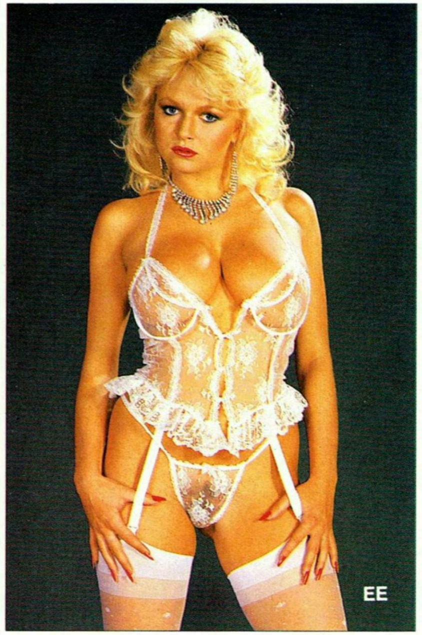

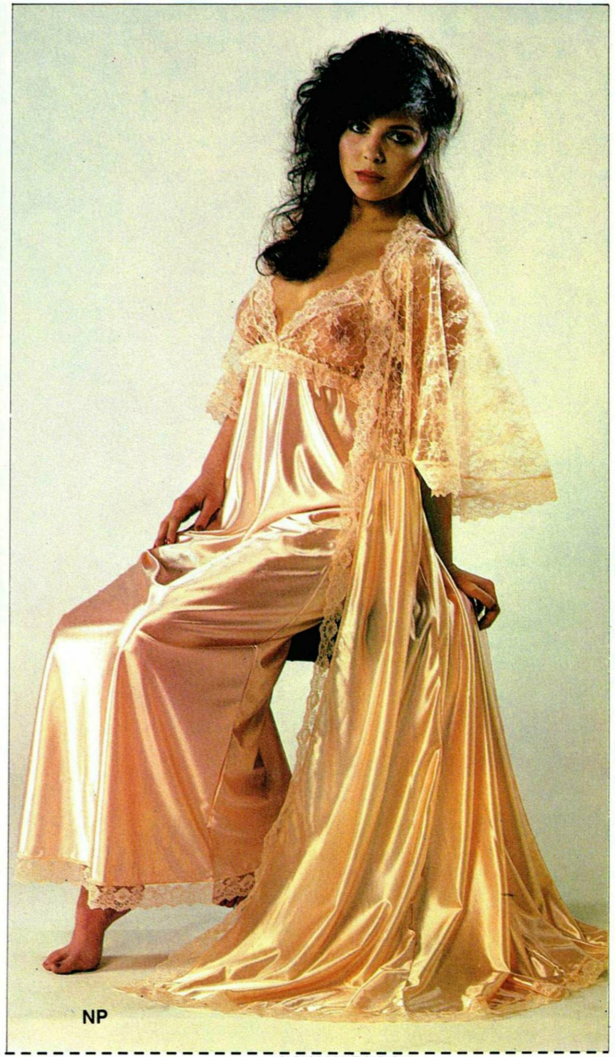

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ANN

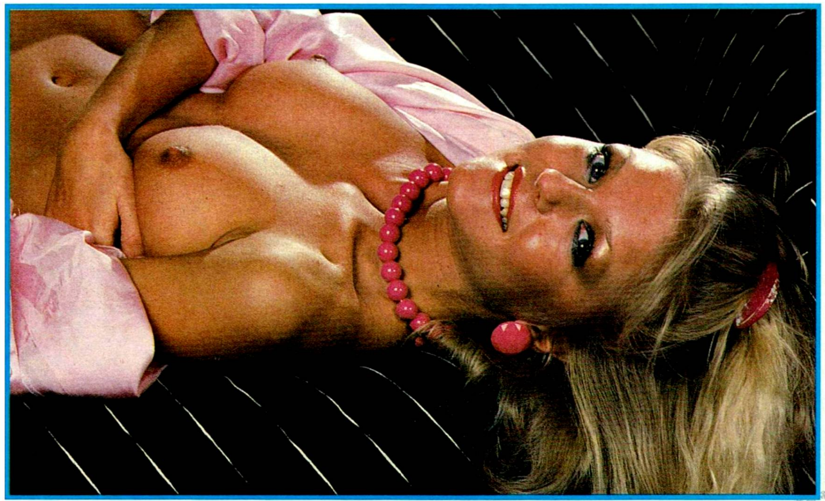
'I've played pinball since I was five. Few men beat me.'

A pinball wizard — that's 19-year-old Ann Russell. Just like the words of the song, ever since she was a young girl she's played the silver ball, with the result that she's probably Brighton's best lady player. 'My Dad bought a table when I was about five,' she said, 'and I took to it immediately.' Now her 34-23-34 figure can be spotted in most of the local amusement arcades. 'I know the idiosyncrasies of all the tables,' she claims, 'and my reflexes are pretty good. Few men beat me.'

Ann's wizardry at pinball causes other side effects besides lightning reflexes. 'Some men say my forefingers are really strong when I'm holding them, but I think they're joking.' When she's not at the table, Ann is equally at home in her work at a sandwich bar. 'If only the customers knew the hands that made their egg and cress once scored 950,000!'

'Men say my fingers are really strong when I hold them.'

'Men may not be as quick as machines but they're more fun.'



However despite her fondness for pinball, Ann is quick to point out that she still prefers men to machines. 'They may not be as quick to respond but they're fun.'

This year marks the 150th anniversary of one of America's most famous battles in which two legendary heroes died, and 183 defenders faced an army of 5000, but fought to the very last man

Remember the ALAMO

– the day Jim Bowie and Davy Crockett died

By Gerald Rawling

All the Texans were asleep, grabbing their first chance for a proper rest in nearly two weeks. The incessant Mexican cannonade had stopped at 2 pm the afternoon before, and the enemy guns were still silent now at 4 am the following morning, Sunday, March 6, 1836. Only three sentries stood guard outside the mission fortress, and inside its walls all the defenders slept the sleep of exhaustion apart from the man tending the cooking fires, and the Commanding Officer, Colonel William Barrett Travis. He paced his office ceaselessly, wondering why his troops had been given this unexpected respite from the non-stop bombardment of the last twelve days. By now he knew that his position was hopeless. Messengers sent out over the last ten days asking for reinforcements had either vanished without trace or returned empty-handed. He now knew that no-one was marching to his relief and, surrounded by anything from three to five thousand Mexicans, he knew that he and his 182 men were doomed to certain death. He would not surrender, and the Mexican general had hoisted the blood-red flag on his arrival which signified 'No Quarter'. He had scrawled 'victory or death' at the foot of one of his letters requesting assistance. Now it was going to be death.

As if to underline these sombre thoughts, the stillness of the pre-dawn quiet was abruptly shattered by a cacophony of totally unexpected noise. It jerked the defenders to their feet, knuckling the sleep from their eyes, and fumbling their weapons to readiness with icy fingers. Firstly, there was the shrill, piercing

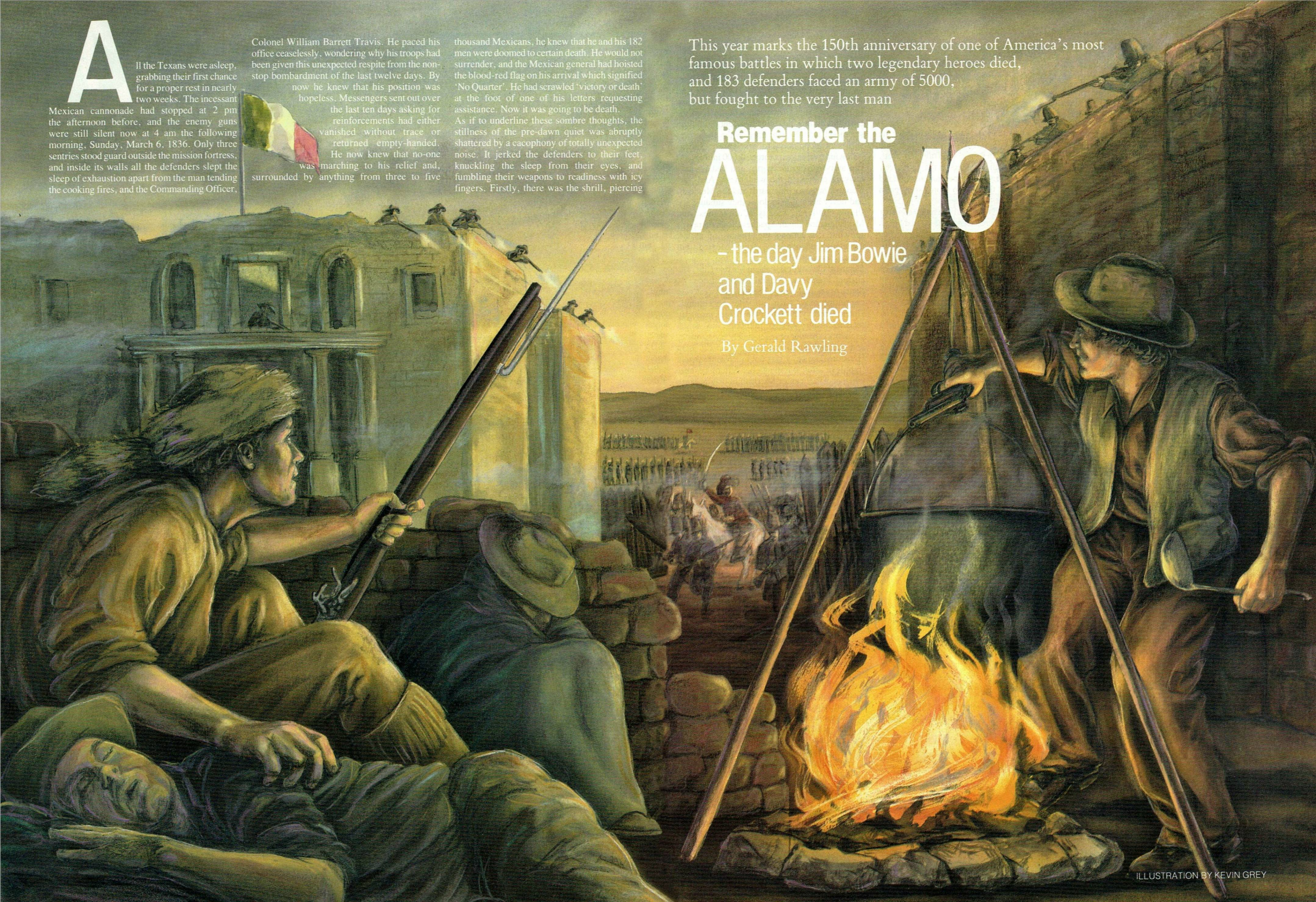


ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GREY

continued from page 20

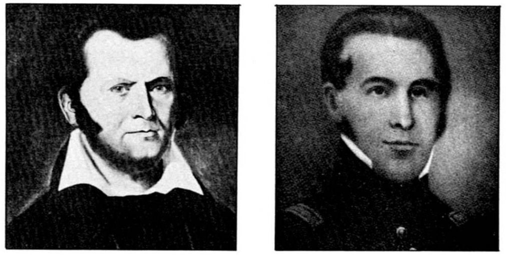
Remember the ALAMO

blast of bugle calls, and as the dazed Texans stumbled to their feet they heard a thundering noise on all four sides of their fortress. It was the drumming of thousands of feet coming towards them across the frozen ground outside. Lastly, and perhaps most menacingly, they heard the sound of the Mexicans' regimental bands blaring out the fearful notes of the ancient Moorish battle march, the *deguello,* meaning that no prisoners would be taken. In this rather melodramatic fashion, the final stages of one of America 's most famous battles commenced on the outskirts of the Texan town of San Antonio de Béxar where the defenders had retreated behind the stout walls of the old Franciscan Mission Station which now served as a military fort. Its correct title was San Antonio de Valero, but by 1836 it had long been known by the affectionate nickname bestowed on it because of the cottonwood trees *(los alamos)* verging the water course on two of its sides. It was now called the Alamo.

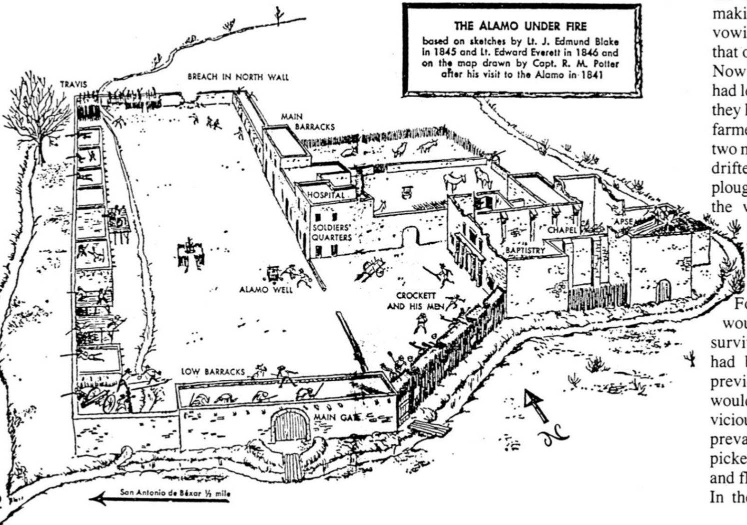
Somebody once said about America that it had too much geography and not enough history, which may account for the action at the Alamo being enshrined for ever as an heroic episode to rank with Custer's Last Stand at the Little Big Horn. But the Alamo was unique in the sense that all the defending soldiers died, whereas in most disasters there are at least *some* survivors to recount what happened.

Legend has it, however, that one man opted out of the Alamo situation. And if you consider the fact that two of America's most celebrated frontier heroes, Jim Bowie and Davy Crockett, perished along with the others on that fateful day of March 6, 1836 you will begin to understand why the battle at the Alamo looms so large in American history.

It all took place in Texas, and one has to consider how Texas stood in relation to the United States and Mexico in the early 19th century. Today, Texas is one of the biggest states of the Union, second largest after California. But from 1800 onwards it was a kind of no man's land claimed successively by Spain, France and after the Louisiana Purchase, somewhat dubiously by the United States. At that time it was claimed by Mexico as successor in title to Spanish interests. They had tried to settle on the land, although without significant success since only about 4,000 of them could be persuaded to go north of the Rio Grande, most of them settling around Béxar, a town which was becoming increasingly known by the more enduring name of San Antonio. There had always been Americans — Anglo-Americans as they were then known — drifting into the territory, but most of them were adventurers, horse-dealers, outlaws and thieves. There were no real settlers until Stephen F Austin who, along with Sam Houston, would be one of the fathers of modern Texas. He struck a deal with the Mexican government in 1824 to allow in genuine Anglo-American colonists on the basis that some kind of independent republican statehood would be granted when there was sufficient population to warrant it. In the following twelve years some 30,000 immigrants had arrived from the north, and had set up a thriving colony in the wilderness. And they managed what the Spaniards and the Mexicans had never been able to do — they subdued the Plains Indians, mostly Comanches and Mescalero and Lipan Apaches. Soon there was growing talk among the Texans of at last achieving independence from Mexico, but palace revolutions were an all too frequent feature of the political scene in Mexico City. The current President, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, had reneged on the 1824 deal, and contemptuously torn up the agreement. Understandably outraged, the Texans promptly seceded from Mexico, although no actual declaration of war or independence was made, and formed an army under General Sam Houston. The army was not much more than a 'rabble in arms' but ninety per cent of Texans, whether American or Mexican in origin, were united in their fervent desire for independence from Mexico, and were prepared to fight for it against Santa Anna's disciplined and numerically superior troops. It was an almost exact, though miniature, copy of another 'rabble in arms', the American colonists, who took on the might of the regular British Army in 1775. Initially, prospects augured well for the Texans, and in four successive victories at Gonzales, Goliad, Concepción and San Antonio they had driven every Mexican soldier out of the province and south of the Rio Grande. The last named engagement had been a crushing defeat for General Cós, Santa Anna's brother-in-law, after four days of furious fighting. It was Cós who had fortified the old mission station of the Alamo, and it was Cós who was forced to abandon it in the face of superior Texan marksmanship, making an undignified retreat into Mexico, vowing he would never return. He was to break that oath.



Left: Colonel William Travis. Far left: Jim Bowie. Both died at the Alamo after dispatching many of the attacking Mexicans. Below: a sketch map of the Alamo made four years after the battle.


THE ALAMO UNDER FIRE
based on sketches by Lt. J. Edmund Blake in 1845 and Lt. Edward Everett in 1846 and on the map drawn by Capt. R. M. Potter after his visit to the Alamo in 1841
TRAVIS
BREACH IN NORTH WALL
MAIN BARRACKS
HOSPITAL
SOLDIERS' QUARTERS
CHAPEL
APSE
BAPTISTRY
ALAMO WELL
CROCKETT AND HIS MEN
LOW BARRACKS
MAIN GATE
San Antonio de Béxar ½ mile

Now, two months after the last Mexican soldier had left the province, many Texans thought that they had won and the war was over. Backwoods farmers who, in any case, had only signed on for two months in the agricultural slack season, now drifted back to their holdings to think about ploughing and seeding and planting. And even if the war was still on, no Texans seriously considered that Santa Anna could possibly move a large body of troops, artillery and horses over a 300 mile stretch of semi-desert country in the dead of winter.

Forage for his horses and draught animals would be practically non-existent; they might survive on dry mesquite grass but most of that had been burned off by the Texans in the previous campaign. And on top of that they would have to face the dreaded northers, the vicious, gale-strength, shrieking and penetrating prevailing winds of the Texas flatlands which picked up the sandy, gritty topsoil in handfuls and flung it into your face like gravel.

In the meantime Texan leaders at their war headquarters in the small town of Washington-on-the-Brazos had decided that the mission fortress at the Alamo should be destroyed after removing its guns, since Houston was worried about its weakness as a defensive stronghold. Appropriate orders were sent to the current commanding officer, Colonel Neill, who had only 104 men under his command, the rest of the garrison having been drafted to join a Texan force which was, unsuccessfully, attempting to invade Mexico and capture the port of Matamoros. On January 9 he was joined by Colonel Jim Bowie who had similar orders and brought 30 men with him. Two weeks later, a third colonel, William Travis arrived with another 25 men. He, too, was instructed to blow the place up on the orders of the Governor, Henry Smith. Colonel Neill drops out of the picture since he shortly departed on sick leave, but he was fully in agreement with Bowie and Travis on the subject of the Alamo. All three considered that San Antonio de Béxar was a key town, and that keeping it in Texan hands was vital if Santa Anna was to be kept out of the province.

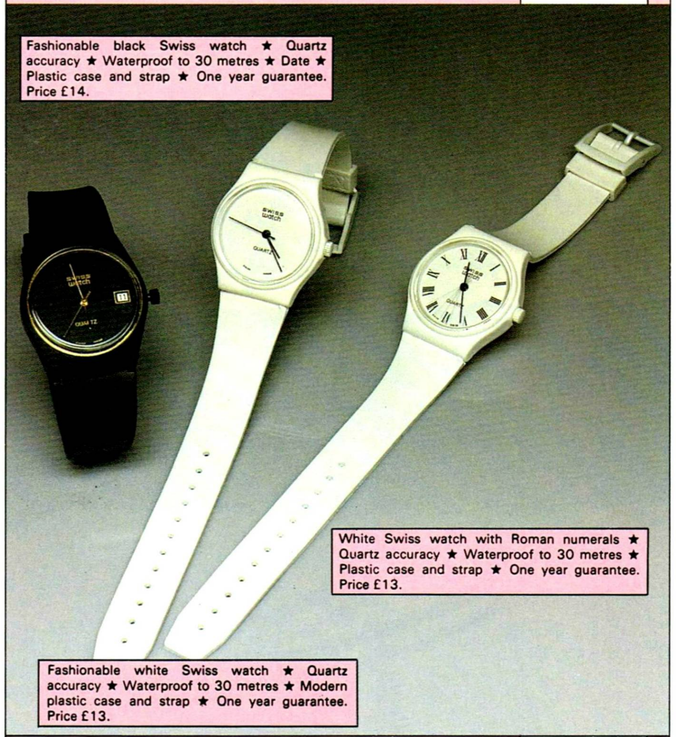
Thus all three blandly disobeyed orders, a not uncommon occurrence in American military circles of the day, where every frontiersman soldier of any rank considered himself his own Field Marshal, and only kept in line if he found his own sentiments concurred with those of his superior. Bowie even went so far as to write to Governor Smith saying that he refused to destroy the fort, and ending with the sadly prophetic words: 'We will rather die in these ditches than give them up to the enemy.' And then, one week after Travis, a final contingent of Anglo-Americans arrived to join the garrison, a group of thirteen coonskin-capped Tennessee Mounted Volunteers commanded by yet another Colonel, one Davy Crockett. 'We heard you were having trouble with the likes of old Santy Anny,' he announced on arrival, 'and we allowed as how we might help you, since we like a good fight.'

The exact number of Texans defending the Alamo in the final battle has never been officially established as Travis sent off many messengers to outlying townships, sometimes two or three at a time. Not all returned, but two did come back from Gonzales, bringing 30 volunteers with them. And bearing in mind the Americans' casual attitude to military service at the time, it is quite feasible that some of the Texan soldiers drifted off in the months before the Mexican attack. But authorities on the Alamo agree on the probable figure of 183 defenders at the end.

There were also six or seven women at the Alamo, along with children and two male negro servant cooks for Travis and Bowie. All these survived as, being non-combatants, Santa Anna's boast about no quarter and death to all defenders did not apply to them. It is through the accounts of these people and Rose, the deserter, that historians were able to piece together events that happened inside the Alamo itself.

Of the three colonels at the fort, Crockett was the only one who did not aspire to leadership, but between the other two there was considerable friction since both considered themselves the natural choice for commander. They were about as different from each other as could be imagined, Travis being straight-laced, punctilious and rather humourless, while Bowie

turn to page 38



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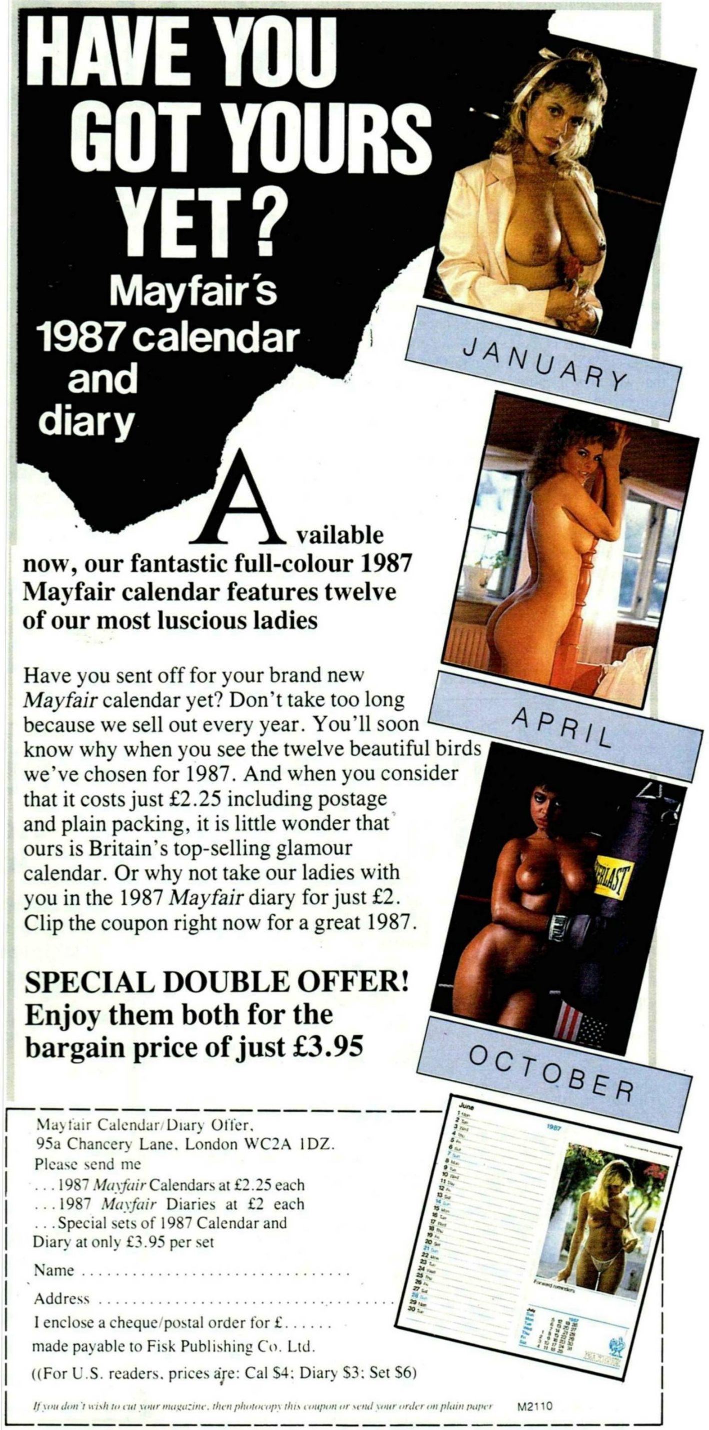
mercifully bedded down for a couple of hours. As a practising court-room lawyer, Travis was more than equal to the occasion, telling the men that there was no hope for the garrison, and that remaining with him meant dying with him since there was no question of surrender, and Santa Anna had already given notice that there would be no prisoners taken. He then drew the sword which he always carried, and solemnly marched up to the men he commanded. They were drawn up in a single file since there were only 183 of them, and placing his sword point in the earth in front of the right hand man he slowly and deliberately traced a line all the way down to the left hand man, then stood back, sheathed his sword, and said; 'I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across the line. Who will be the first? March!'

No-one can guess what went through the minds of those Texans at that moment, but they all crossed the line except two. Davy Crockett was one of the earliest across but Jim Bowie, near to death and still lying on his truckle bed, was left behind. 'Boys,' he is reported as saying, 'I am not able to go to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to remove my cot over there.' To the accompaniment of loud cheers, his cot was carried across the line by four men. That left one man, Louis Moses Rose, a Frenchman and a soldier who had done his share of fighting in the Napoleonic Wars — he had even been in the celebrated retreat from Moscow. He did not move to join the others. He was one of Bowie's men, and it was Bowie who spoke to him: 'You seem not to be willing to die with us Rose!' Davy Crockett chimed in: 'You may as well die with us, old fellow, for you cannot escape.' According to legend, Rose then announced that he was not prepared to die, grabbed the bundle of his spare clothing, scaled the wall, and dropped silently over the far side, making his escape through a drowsy Mexican picket line, and stumbling on foot to Nacogdoches. The remaining men had just three more days to live.

It was icy cold on March 5, and to make matters worse, a bleak and bitter norther blew up in midafternoon. It was then that Santa Anna deliberately stopped the artillery fire, for he wanted the Texans to have a few hours of deceptive rest before launching his final attack at 4am the following morning. His despised brother-in-law, General Cós, would lead the most dangerous assault against the main gate from the south, thus breaking forcibly that gentleman's vow not to return to the Alamo. Psychologically it was a sound move — the Texans would be bound to need the sleep after so many days of continuous bombardment, and they were stretched so thinly over a defensive position that really needed a thousand men that there was no way in which they could man the place on rota system of sentry or guard watches. Knowing all this, Santa Anna came in fast from all four sides, his troops equipped with scaling ladders, and his bands belting out the 'No Quarter' battle hymn. The Texans responded magnificently. They opened fire immediately with everything they could bring to bear, the Mexican losses in the initial assault were severe. Totally disorganised, they fell back and regrouped. By sheer chance and confusion in the darkness, the southern assault force found its way around to the west, while both the eastern and western attacking forces ended up striking from the north, the only

turn to page 114



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Remember the ALAMO

continued from page 113

area in which Mexican artillery had been able to carve a niche in the Alamo's defences. Unfortunately for the Texans, their cannon pointing south and east now had nothing to shoot at, and three quarters of the assaulting force was flinging itself against the weakest portion of the defences. Sheer numbers told in the end, of course, although the second assault was savagely repulsed. This, the northern area, was where Travis commanded, and the Texan marksmen and cannoneers accounted well for themselves. Scaling ladders were thrown out from the walls to break the necks of the climbers, and every Mexican appearing over the ramparts was shot down immediately. But with the coming of an early red dawn, Texan sharpshooters had to stand up on the ramparts to get enemy soldiers under the walls in their sights, and proved easy targets for Mexican riflemen farther back. And that was how it ended, with Mexican infantry pouring in over the breach in the north wall. Travis fell early, a single clean shot through his forehead, dropping him over the barrel of the twelve-pounder he stood beside, sword in hand. Crockett, too, fell outdoors where he would have preferred it. He had a difficult place to hold on the south eastern side, near the main gate, with his Tennessee men. He was found later, lying there with 'Old Betsy', his favourite rifle, still clenched in his hand. There were sixteen enemy corpses nearby, one of whom had 'the huge knife of Davy buried in the Mexican's bosom to the hilt', to quote Santa Anna's negro cook. And two Mexican officers would later attest that 'Colonel Kwocketty', the nearest they could get to pronouncing his name, stood ramrod straight, calmly reloading his rifle while all was confusion around him, then lifting and aiming 'Old Betsy' for another kill.

In the end such Texans as were left holed up in the chapel which was the strongest of the buildings lining the east wall. But by now the courtyard was full of Mexicans, and they dragged around the Texans' own 18-pounder to blow down the doors and walls. It was here that the last of the Texans died, including Jim Bowie who lay like a ghost on his cot. He had a brace of loaded pistols supplied by Davy Crockett's boys, and he had his knife. If contemporary accounts may be believed, he showed sufficient energy at the end to take many Mexicans with him. Probably the last man to die was Jacob Walker, a badly wounded gunner who sought sanctuary in the hospital with Mrs Susanna Dickinson, 18-year-old wife of one of the Texan officers who had already died. Walker was in agony from his wounds and probably dying when Mexican troops burst in. He pleaded for his life but to no avail. According to Mrs Dickinson, the Mexicans 'tossed his body on their bayonets as a farmer would toss a bundle of hay'.

From then on it was simply a matter for victorious Santa Anna to sort out the Texan rebel dead from his own Mexican corpses, and to arrange for their disposal. The Texan bodies would be burned as a final gratuitous insult, Christian burial only being allowed to his own soldiers. The number of Mexican casualties is truly staggering. The most conservative estimate puts the dead at between 1,200 and 1,500, and Santa Anna's own secretary later said: 'We brought to San Antonio more than 5,000 men and we lost during the siege 1,544 of the best of them. The Texans fought more like devils than men.'

There was now the question of revenge, and that was quickly seen to. Sam Houston, back in the saddle after his talks with the Cherokees, and now Commander-in-Chief, met Santa Anna in the field at San Jacinto near Galveston, and annihilated him in something like twenty minutes. *'Me no Alamo,'* screamed some of the prisoners. The entire Mexican army was either killed or captured. This included Santa Anna himself, who was released a year later. The event was enough to seal forever recognition of Texas as an independent republic. The rest is history, with the admission of Texas as a State of the Union in 1846. After several stints as dictator of the volatile Mexican government, Santa Anna himself died in poverty and neglect in 1874.

The men at the Alamo had not died in vain. Let the final word come from Micajah Autry who died there at the age of 43. He was from North Carolina originally, and wrote his last letter to his wife from Nacogdoches on the way to San Antonio, saying that he was proud of his companions, 'a very select company of men, including four lawyers'. He was, he assured her, the most thorough-going man she had ever heard of: 'I go the whole Hog in the cause of Texas,' he wrote, and added: 'There is not so fair a portion of the earth's surface warmed by the sun.'

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continued from page 23

Remember the ALAMO

was a wildcat, a hard-drinking, rip-roaring frontier type who could outrun, outjump, outshoot and outdrink any man on the Mississippi River way down from Memphis to New Orleans.

Despite the rather stuffy, over-disciplined image that Travis projected his private life had been anything but sedate. He had come to Texas from Clairborne, Alabama, where he had built up a successful law practice after marrying into the local gentry. Unfortunately his rather staid exterior cloaked an ungovernable temper and, in a fit of jealous rage, he killed a man who had made some kind of pass at his wife. The negro field hand who discovered the body turned out to be the only likely suspect and, despite being eloquently defended by Travis, he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Conscience stricken, Travis confided to the Judge, who was a personal friend, that he himself was guilty. The Judge told him he had three courses of action — let the law take its course and see the negro hang, confess and face the consequences or leave the country and go to Texas. Travis took the third course, leaving behind his two-year-old son and his wife, Rosanna, who was pregnant with his second child. On arrival in Texas he became a militant worker for independence from Mexico, and soon became a prominent figure in the military and political scene. Also, somewhat surprisingly, he was an energetic womaniser whose diaries recorded countless successes with the opposite sex. By the time he arrived at the Alamo he had divorced his wife and become engaged to one of his many girlfriends.

But if the men at the Alamo could be deceived by the outwardly rather priggish William Barrett Travis, they were under no misapprehension about his rival, Colonel Jim Bowie. *His* fame had preceded him, and he lived up to it with relish. He was Kentucky born but brought up in Louisiana. He showed an adventurous streak at an early age, combined with a talent for making money — and as quickly losing it. One of his more colourful — and profitable — ventures was in the slave trade where he worked hand in glove with the notorious pirate king, Jean Lafitte. Bowie and his two brothers would buy the illegally smuggled slaves from Lafitte at one dollar per pound, and then give information to the local sheriff of their whereabouts. Although it was illegal to bring slaves into the country, it was not illegal to sell them, and the Bowie boys would buy them back from the authorities at a further dollar per pound with a 50 cent rebate for supplying the information. Now legal owners of the merchandise at a cost of $1.50 per pound, they could promptly sell them on the open market at the going rate of $1,000 per slave, the average weight being 140 pounds. But it was the knife which bears his name to this day that really made Bowie famous. It all started with a celebrated duel between Samuel Wells and Dr Thomas Maddox on a sandbar in the Mississippi River in 1826. The originating incident had been observed with lively interest by a large number of people, and when the duel finally took place it was attended by a sizeable body of followers who were allied to one side or the other. The real trouble started, ironically, when the two duellists discharged their pistols harmlessly into the air, and shook hands, thus cheating their bloodthirsty supporters of the violent spectacle they had been anticipating. Quarrels quickly broke out among these 'seconds', and a General Cuny challenged a Colonel Crain of the opposing fraction. Bowie was acting as Cuny's second when Crain treacherously drew a brace of pistols and fired, killing Cuny and wounding Bowie. Crain promptly fled the scene, and Bowie, armed only with a knife, took after him, only to stumble and fall, there to be set upon by two of Crain's supporters. The first, a Major Wright, a long-standing enemy of Bowie's lunged at him with a sword stick. But Bowie caught the blade with his left hand, pulled the Major forward, and sank his knife into his opponent's abdomen so deeply that it lodged up against the backbone. Wrenching out the blade, and momentarily blinded with his victim's blood, Bowie turned to face his second attacker, a man called Blanchard who was also armed with a sword cane. He too, lunged, but miscalculated the cat-like swiftness of his opponent's reflexes. With a kind of ducking swerve, Bowie danced inside the sword point, and opened up Blanchard's stomach from right to left with one tremendous slashing sweep of the knife. Both men died, and Bowie subsequently had the knife polished, set into an ivory haft with silver mountings, then had a famous Texan blacksmith forge him a duplicate as he did not want 'to degrade this knife by ordinary use'. Ever the restless adventurer he wound up in Texas, the new land of opportunity as he saw it, looking for a fabled lost silver mine. He did not find silver but he 'went native' in the sense that he acquired Mexican citizenship along with literally hundreds of thousands of acres of Texan land. In addition he married one of Texas' most beautiful and eligible young women, Ursula de Veramendi, daughter of the Vice President of the province. Republican status for Texas was accordingly of prime importance for Jim Bowie; it had led him into the army, and now it had brought him to the Alamo.

And so to Davy Crockett. He was another wild frontiersman — and he had far more in common with Bowie than with Travis — but one has to admit that all three had a similar kind of 'wandering star' that led them to Texas and the Alamo. Crockett was always a country boy at heart, never happier than when peering down the sights of a squirrel gun. At 18 he was the best shot in the *country*. And like his father, who had fought in the American Revolution with Washington at Valley Forge, young Davy went to war along with Andrew Jackson, then a Major-General in the Tennessee Militia. It was one of those 'Indian' wars, this time putting one of the Florida tribes, the Creeks, in their place. It was a brutal and bloody affair. Crockett afterwards boasted, or perhaps wryly commented, that he had eaten potatoes fried in the fat provided by a Creek warrior's body. It was that kind of war. But the one thing Davy Crockett had in abundance was a natural kind of charm. Nowadays we would call it charisma. It was that earthy, backwoods charm that got him into office, first as a magistrate, later as a front rank politician. If he had little learning, he had a profound fund of common sense, and he only had to open his mouth to start catching votes. Politics came naturally to him. Thus he made it to the US House of Representatives as a Congressman for the State of Tennessee for two terms. Then, largely through straight talking, he fell out with his late Commanding Officer and the future President, Andrew Jackson. Thoroughly disenchanted with the American political scene, he lit out for that new land of hope, Texas. His final letter to his family from Nacogdoches ran partly as follows: 'I must say as to what I have seen of Texas, it is the garden spot of the world . . . good land, plenty of timber, good mill streams, good ranges, clear water and every appearance of health — game a plenty. It is in the pass where the buffalo passes from the north to the south and back twice a year and bees and honey a plenty.' It sounded like the Garden of Eden. And directly or indirectly had brought 183 men to the Alamo.

The presence of the Mexicans was announced by a sentry, Daniel William Cloud from Kentucky. He was up in the bell tower of the local church of San Fernando, and not in the Alamo at the time. He had been stationed there to keep a lookout on the joint orders of Colonels Travis and Bowie, both of whom were still arguing about who was in charge. Private Cloud had a thick head because yesterday had been George Washington's birthday, and therefore ample excuse for celebration. But now, at 10 am, Private Cloud was simply a sentry staring out on the flat, bleak, dusty Texan scene. He had been peering at that bone-dry scrape of land for nearly three hours when suddenly he glimpsed in the distance the beautifully caparisoned cohorts of Santa Anna's cavalry — red and blue uniforms cavorting in their drill exercises, not three miles away, the lance points glittering, the pennons

turn to page 112

continued from page 38

Remember the ALAMO

fluttering, and the guidons snapping. And that was just the cavalry. There was infantry beyond and baggage trains with artillery. Completely dazed, Private Cloud could only grab the bell rope and start tolling.

Travis and Bowie were both stunned, neither of them believing that any military commander in his right senses could have manoeuvred even a small army across that terrain in the dead of winter. They had reckoned — quite feasibly — on mid April as an arrival time for the enemy, which would have given them ample time to reinforce the Alamo with fresh Texan troops from neighbouring centres, Gonzales, Goliad, San Felipe and Washington-on -the-Brazos. The best hope in that direction was Goliad where there was a fort and a Texan Colonel with around 500 troops under his command. But Colonel Fannin, who commanded there, was not destined to write himself into history as the saviour of the Alamo. He thought that the mission fort at San Antonio should have been blown up long ago, and was afraid that if he went to their relief he would be exposing his own fortress to enemy attack. Add to that the sombre fact that the two ablest men in Texan affairs were away from the scene — Stephen Austin in Washington DC trying to find finance and backing for the embryo republic, and Sam Houston in Florida on peace talks with the Cherokee Indians — and you have a situation primed for disaster.

The two Colonels, still fighting for command, were reduced to defending San Antonio as best they could — and that meant abandoning the town, and retreating within the walls of the Alamo. The old mission could at least be regarded as a defensive position of some strength because the Franciscans had built for a lifetime. It was basically a large, rectangular court or plaza of about three acres, surrounded by thick walls — around three feet in width, and anything from nine to 12 feet high. Unfortunately for the defenders, the walls were not crenellated, as in a traditional castle, and so there was no cover for riflemen peering over the top. On the western side were a number of substantial buildings.

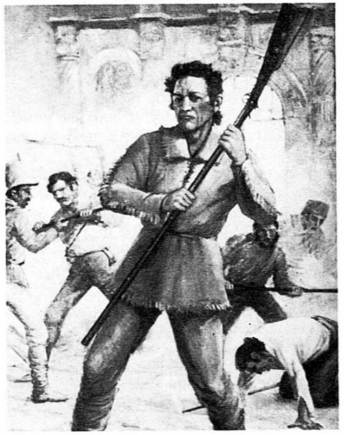
As Santa Anna rode in to occupy the town of San Antonio he was enraged to see the Mexican national flag hoisted on the walls of the Alamo, the large black numerals '1824' superimposed on the white middle ground. If the Texans had hoisted a rebel flag of their own he could not have been more angered. The '1824' was an insult to him for having torn up the old agreement. In response he hoisted his own reply, the red flag signifying 'No Quarter', on the tower of San Fernando Church. Travis and Bowie, quite equal to gestures of this nature, let fly with a discharge from their 18-pounder cannon. It may have been the only big gun they had but it was a good ten pounds heavier than the largest piece that Santa Anna had managed to drag across the Rio Grande and into Texas. But if it was time for demonstrations, the Mexicans felt able to compete, and they opened up a savage cannonade. It was totally a 'sound and fury' effect since none of the Mexican batteries had yet been properly sited, and the only damage to Texan personnel was one horse slightly wounded. And Colonel Crockett soon outbalanced that score when, thumbing his foresight, and leaning over the ramparts, he opened the scoring for the Anglo-Americans by picking off a lone Mexican soldier who had wandered too near the western wall. It was the first Mexican fatality.

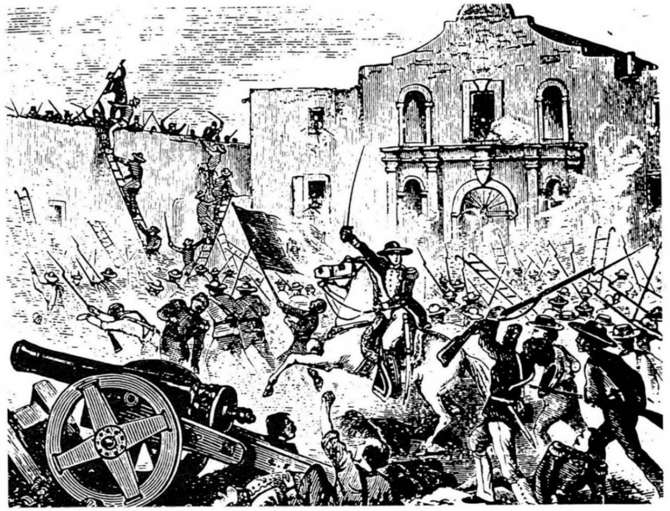
The following day the Texans suffered their own first casualty — and it had nothing to do with enemy action. Santa Anna was still pounding away with his cannon — without noticeable effect, although occasional cannon balls bounced off the the stout adobe walls within the compound. Jim Bowie, along with Major Green B Jaméson, had been largely responsible for placing the defensive guns at the Alamo, and it was the final twelve-pounder that Bowie and a handful of helpers were siting on a free-standing, fifteen foot high platform, shored up with a great mound of earth, when the accident occurred. Bowie, at the age of 40, was sick with tuberculosis. He was not only supervising but taking an active part in the positioning of the gun when some tackle loosened, and he threw himself against the wheel spokes to prevent the cannon falling off the high platform. A spasm of violent coughing seized him as he wrestled with the massive weight until he successfuly secured it. Then, exhausted, he quite simply fell fifteen feet to the ground. His ribs were crushed into his chest, and they carried him into the hospital building alongside the main barracks. There was no doubt now about who was in command at the Alamo, and Travis would no longer have to complain about his co-commander's drunken behaviour. Travis, indeed, now sat down at his desk to write his final appeal for help, sending it by Captain Albert Martin who had the fastest horse in the garrison. It began with the salutation: 'TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS AND ALL AMERICANS IN THE WORLD.' It then recited the current grave situation at the Alamo, and ended with the words: 'If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible & die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor & that of his country — VICTORY OR DEATH.' Victory was the faintest of hopes with the Mexican besieging force now around 5,000, and the bombardment continuing unabated.

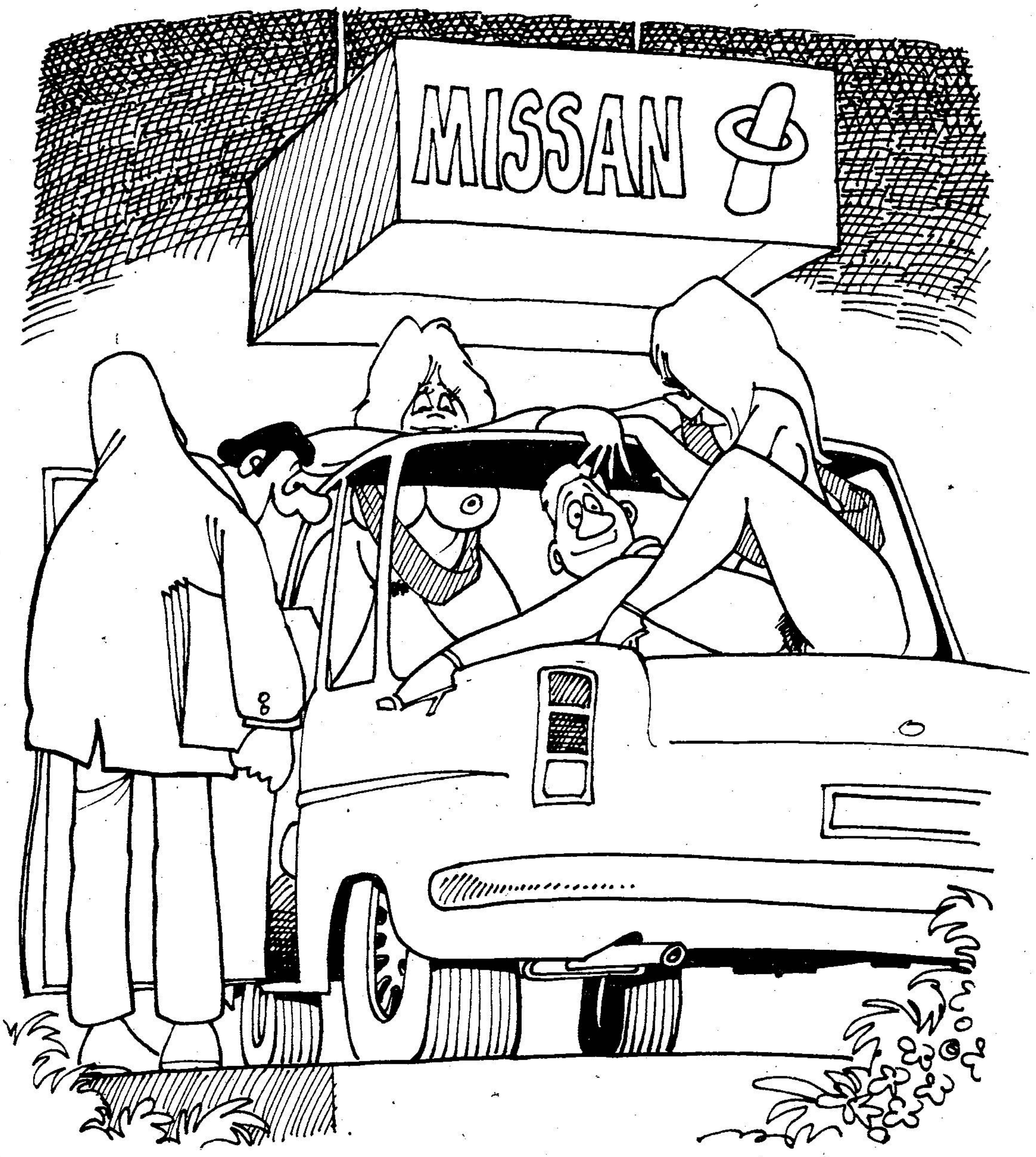
Santa Anna was in no hurry while awaiting reinforcements, and incredible though it may sound, he bombarded the Alamo with cannon and two howitzers, one 5½ inch, the other 8 inch, for nearly two weeks without causing a single casualty, while the defenders had made two daring forays without loss to burn down buildings near the fortress walls which might have provided good cover for the attackers.

Eventually on March 3, nine days after the Mexicans' arrival, Travis gave up all hope of relief from outside, and called the men together at dusk to make a speech. They assembled in the courtyard while the Mexican gunners had

Below (left): Davy Crockett died fighting at the Alamo. He was found with his favourite rifle, Old Betsy, still in his hand, and 16 enemy corpses lay nearby. Right: Mexicans storm the walls of the Alamo in a contemporary engraving of the battle.





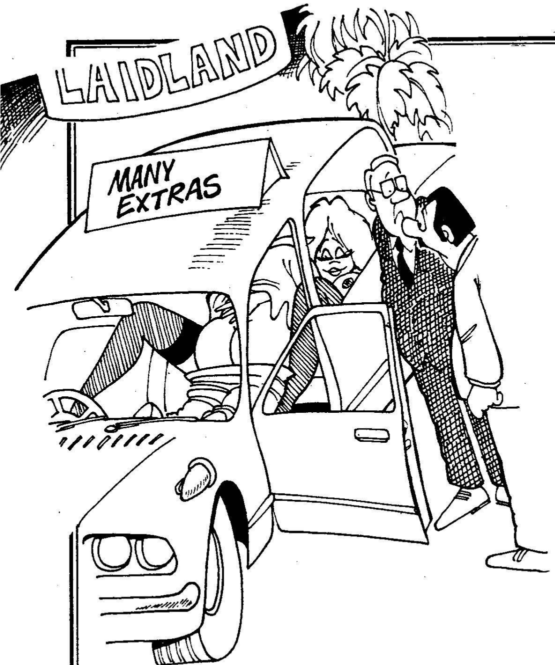


'Ah! I see sir has already noticed the excellent all-round visibility.'

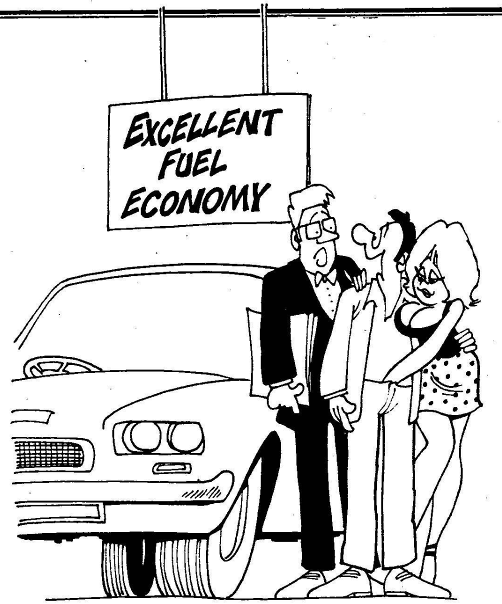
STANDS

AT THE MOTOR SHOW!

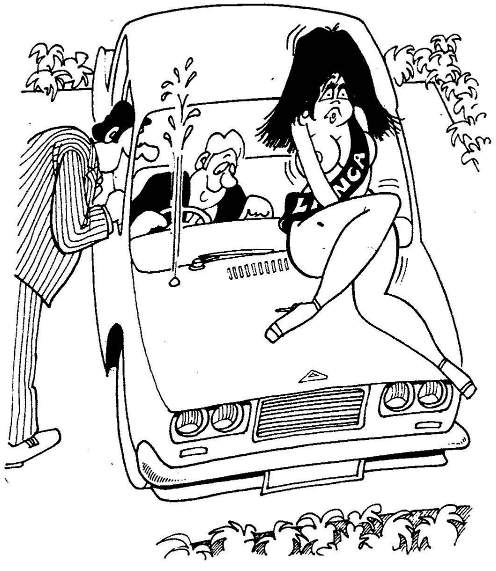
Motor fairs are a showcase for the car industry but speculates cartoonist Anthony, it's the public who make the real exhibition of themselves...


LAIDLAND
MANY EXTRAS

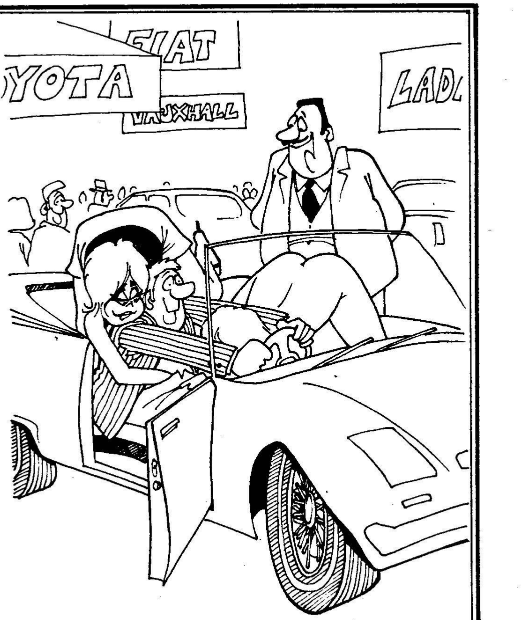
'They . . . er . . . wanted to test the reclining seats.'


EXCELLENT FUEL ECONOMY

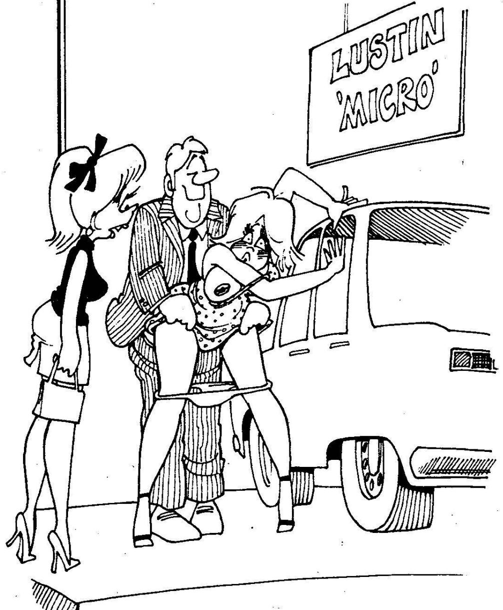
'Actually, what I'm looking for is one that will run out of petrol.'



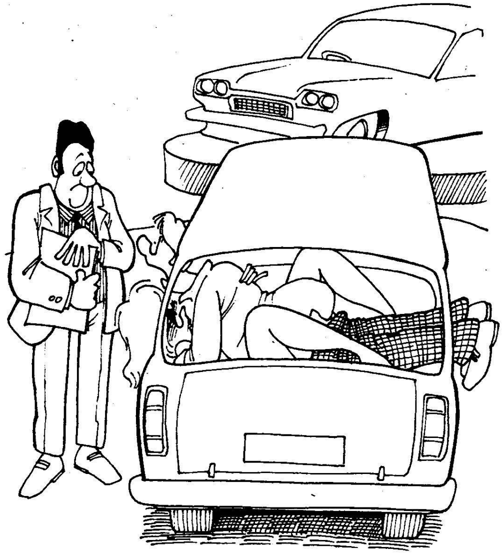
'No, that's the windscreen washer, sir.'


FIAT
YOTA
VAUXHALL
LADL

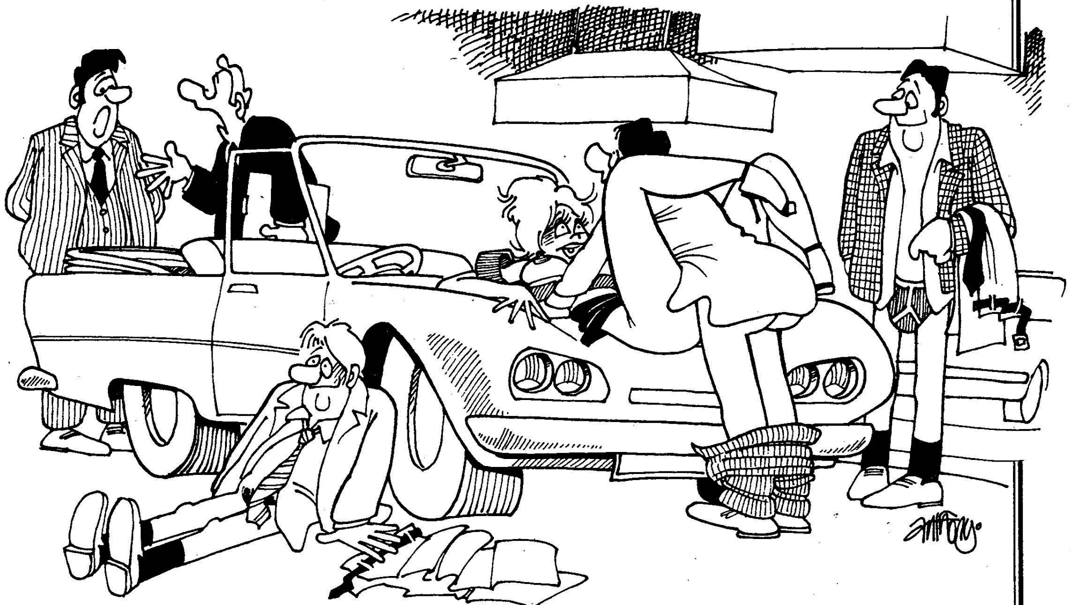
'I think you'll agree, sir, that the in-car entertainment can't be faulted.'


LUSTIN 'MICRO'

'It's your own fault, Heather, you did ask how quickly he could park it.'



'I'm afraid that this one is much too small. If it rained we'd get soaked.'



'No-one has shown the slightest interest in the car.'

PRESENTING PRINCESS Siggi

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
ED ALEXANDER

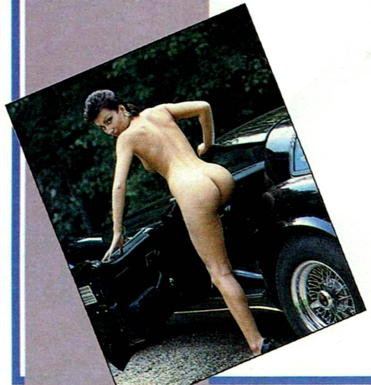
MAYFAIR features lots of girls who look like princesses but very few can actually claim to be one. But 24-year-old Siggi Miksa can, and with good reason. Her great great grandfather was Prince Barclay de Tolly who fought as Fieldmarshal at the Battle of Borodino in 1812. He was the Prince who led the Russian march into Paris, and helped capture Napoleon. So famous is Siggi's great great grandad, that there is a statue of him on horseback in Leningrad, and portraits in the Winter Palace. He is buried in the family tomb in Latvia, except, that is, for his heart. That, on the instructions of the Czar, was buried on the battlefield. However, don't imagine 'Princess' Siggi lives in regal splendour. All the money disappeared when her mother who lived in Latvia, had to flee from the Nazis, during the second world war. So Siggi is just another working girl.

'Princess or not, I like drinking vodka and watching *The Young Ones . . .*'

SIGGI

is a qualified health therapist, as well as a swimwear and lingerie model. She lives in the centre of Paris, but has travelled all over Europe to demonstrate health and beauty care, including what she calls her 'infamous avocado face pack'. She is an imposing figure. At five feet ten inches tall (six foot two in heels) with a slim 34-22-35 figure and that 'title', people often think she is aloof. Nothing could be further from the truth. 'I hate people thinking I'm stuffy — I'm not,' she says, and delights in making fun of men who think she is. If proof is required, she lists her hobbies as 'drinking schnapps or vodka, and watching *The Young Ones*.'

'. . . I hate people who think I have to behave because of my ancestry . . .'

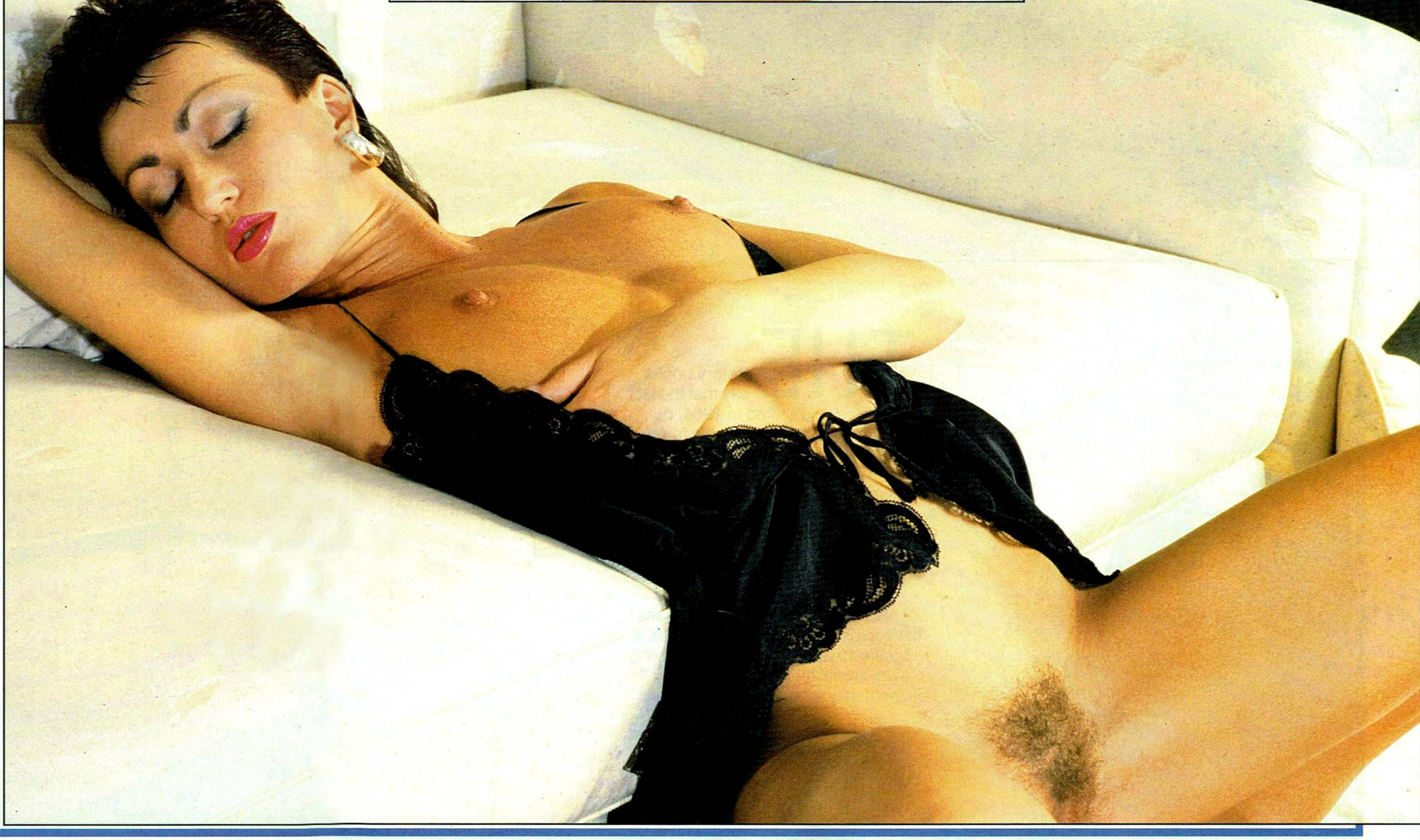


THE history books say that the last Barclay de Tolly died in 1964, but Siggi is happy to carry on the family tradition of strong character — although she admits there are disadvantages to having a titled family. For a start, she says that she is determined to live down her 'stately' image once and for all. 'I do have a hot temper,' she says, 'and one thing that really makes me mad are stupid people who think my ancestry means I have to behave in what they see as a ''dignified way''. I shall carry on loving lavatorial humour and acting eccentrically for many years to come.'

IN FACT

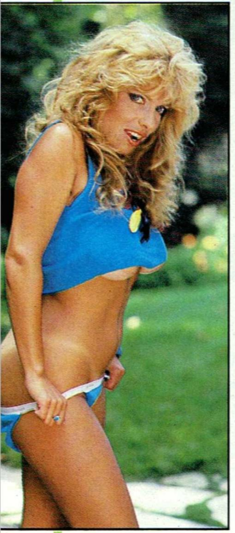
after Siggi has had a few vodkas with raw eggs (a Latvian delicacy), anything can happen. 'I'll throw the glass in the fireplace, get on the table, and dance nude,' she insists. 'Russian dances, of course.' Not the sort of way, one might expect an east European princess to behave. In more sober moments she likes the theatre (Tom Stoppard is her favourite playwright), and takes to the water on jet skis. She also works out in the gym whenever she gets the chance. Currently she is trying to research her family history. So far, she has traced the line back to Norman times.

'. . . Then I throw the glass away, get on the table and dance in the nude . . .'



J·A·Y·N·E

'I like men to be confident, without being arrogant . . .'



Beauty takes many forms. For some it is the perfect sound of a Stradivarius, for others the wild brush-strokes of a modern artist. In Jayne Weatherfield's view it is a state of mind. 'The people I find most beautiful are those whose faces carry an easy smile,' says the 25-year-old from Okehampton in Devon. 'Confidence without arrogance, and a ready wit. That's what I admire in men and women, and it's what I aspire to.'

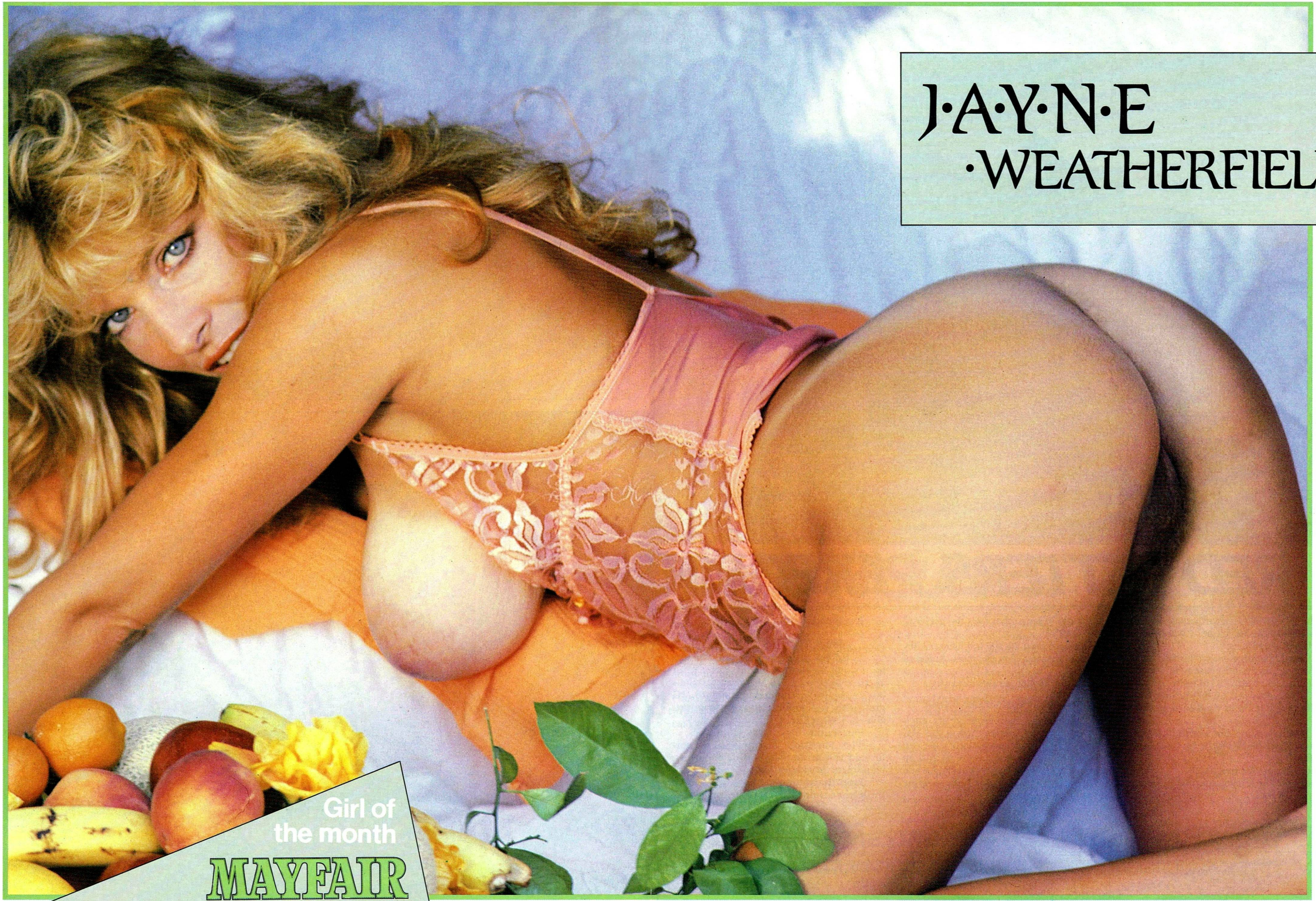
> 'Men's jewellery makes you want to touch them . . .'

Now Jayne works from home designing jewellery for craft shops all over the county. 'I think a little jewellery looks great,' she said, 'especially on men. Not huge medallions, but something shining on a bronzed hairy chest makes you want to touch them!

If Jayne seems philosophical beyond her years, it's because, she says, she quit the rat race. 'I spent six years rushing around London temping, dancing my boobs off in discos and hanging around clubs to meet famous people.' she said. 'Then I realised it was all a pretence, so I left town.' These days her 38-24-36 figure is just as prominent in Devon as some of the people she used to dance with. And Jayne is very happy with her life.

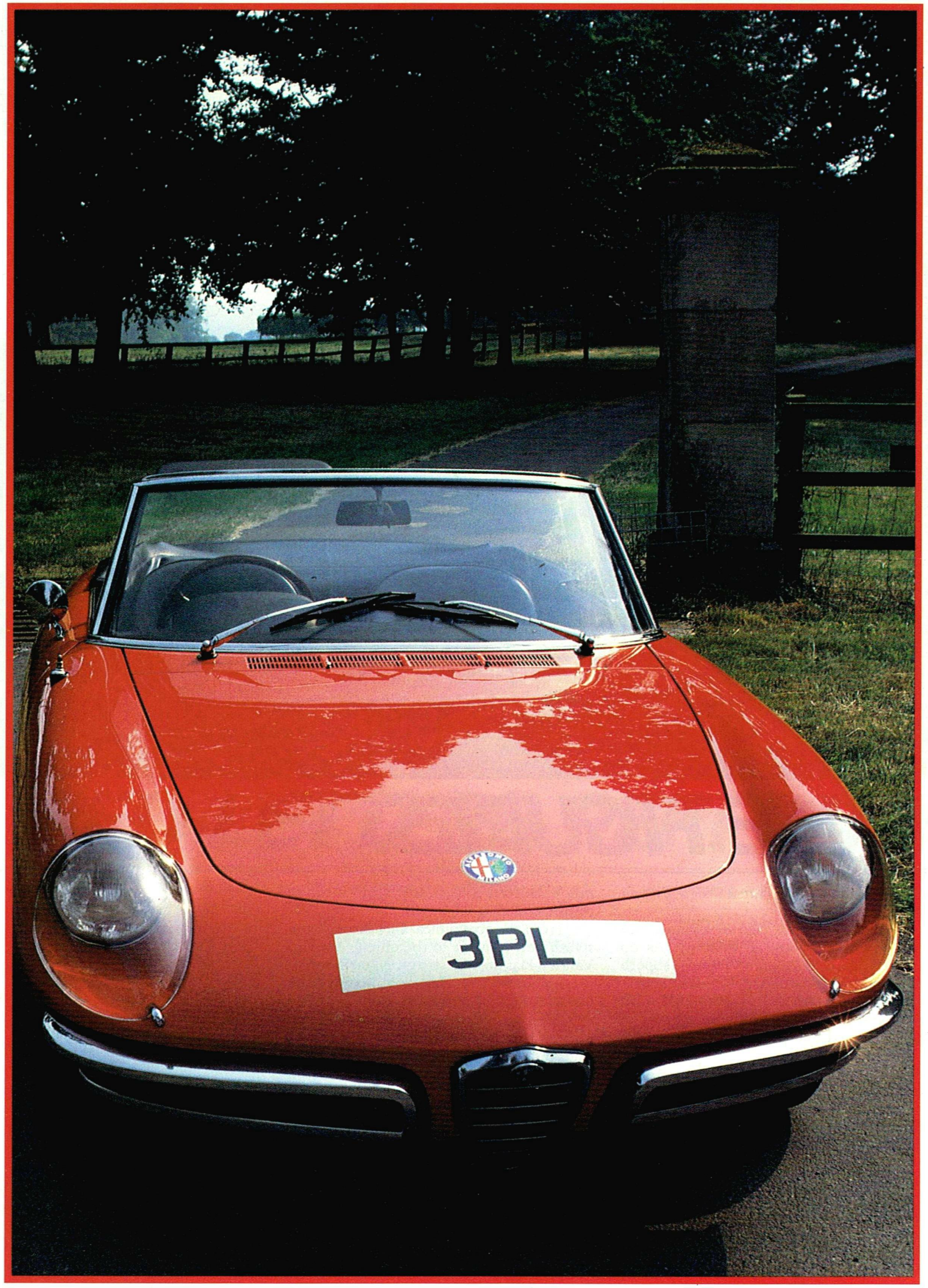
'I spent years dancing my boobs off in discos, but no more . . .'

J·A·Y·N·E ·WEATHERFIELD



Girl of the month

MAYFAIR

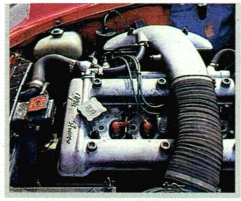


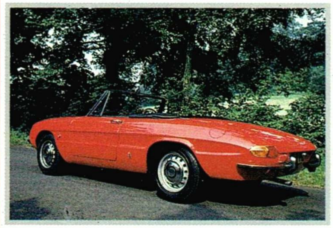
Motoring with
William Boddy
Photographed by
Andrew Morland

From the earliest days of motoring, young men the world over have craved a red open-top Italian sports car. No marque symbolises this desire better than Alfa Romeo. On the racetrack or in the 'traffic-light Grand Prix'. Alfas are full-blooded competitors

ALFA ROMEO

~taken as red





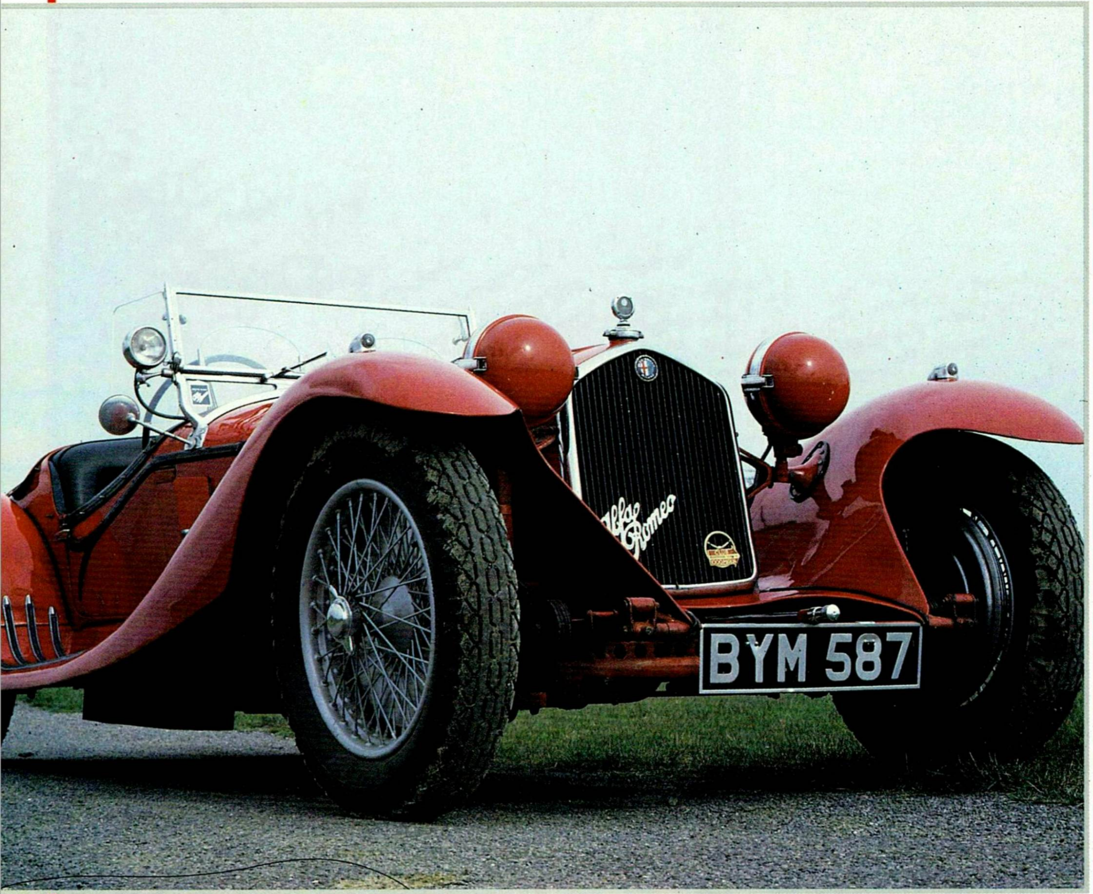
Alfa Romeo — a car inseparable from Italy, land of wine, women (whose bottoms are invariably worth pinching) and fast driving! Italians love motor-racing, and emulating ace racing-drivers whether on the open roads, up and down an Alp, or in the 'traffic-light Grands Prix' in Turin, Milan or Rome. And it could be said that when the industrialist Nicola Romeo took over the ALFA Company in 1915, and began to make his inimitable cars after the war, they were designed with Italian temperament in mind.

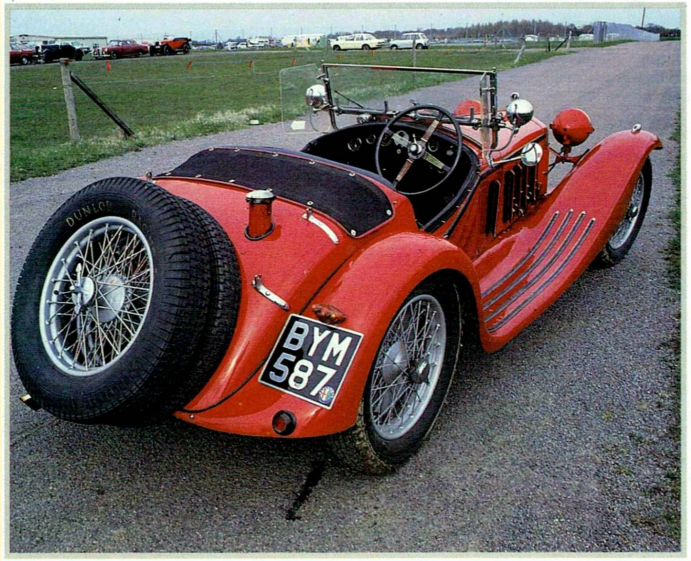
It had begun in 1910 in Milan, when the original ALFA concern gave up making copies of the French Darracq cars. Under the control of Ugo Stella, they began constructing cars of their own, by Giuseppe Merosi, who had come to them from the Bianchi factory. However, these first Alfas were mostly solid touring-type cars, and it was not until Nicola Romeo had got in on the act these more sporting versions appeared, well suited to the young blades of Italy. In fact, it all really jelled in 1924, the year the Alfa Romeo took a proper interest in motor-racing, and were listing sports-models in their catalogues.

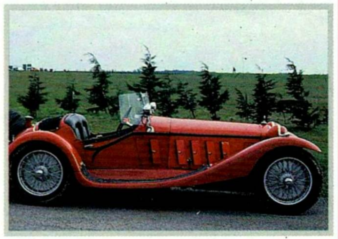
These first sports Alfas were still large, dignified motor-cars, very handsome with their vee-radiators — the 22/90 hp RL being a quite imposing proposition. The 3-litre six-cylinder engine now had overhead valves prodded by push-rods and rockers. In Super Sports RLSS form this was a car to appeal to those with sporting instincts, and even the less volatile British enthusiasts grew to love it. There were touring versions with flat-fronted radiators, and a rare four-cylinder model, the 15/20 hp, of which at least one came to this country. But it is the bigger models that are most memorable, even though some were given closed bodywork.

Things at Alfa Romeo really began to zing, however, after the celebrated engineer Vittorio Jano joined the Milanese Company in 1926. Jano not only introduced a range of very exciting notably quick sports Alfas, but designed some of the most beautiful and successful Grand Prix racing cars of the time. These later Alfa Romeos came in various production forms, six-cylinder

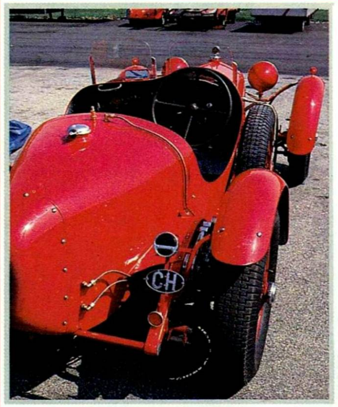
The Alfa Romeo was built with the Italian character very much in mind. One of the most stylish is the Spyder (pictured here). This particular example was made in 1968, and contains a twin-cam 1750cc engine (seen in the photograph top centre).







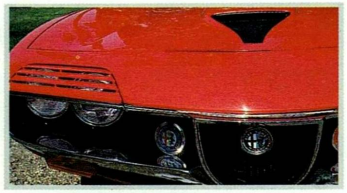
In the 1920s and 1930s Alfa Romeo enjoyed a good number of sporting victories at the hands of drivers like Nuvolari, Earl Howe and Captain George Eyston. In 1931, a 2.3-litre Alfa like the 1931 model pictured above, left and top left, set the fastest lap of the Ulster TT course at an average speed of 81.28 mph, then went on to win at Le Mans for the next three years.



and in-line straight-eight-cylinder engined cars, the former at first with single-overhead-camshaft valve-operation, but soon to have twin overhead-camshafts for the faster models. As soon as news of the new Alfas filtered through, they were of the greatest interest to fast-driving enthusiasts the world over, and in their day they rivalled in desirability and mystique the Bugatti cars from France.

When these blood-red Alfa Romeos began to be raced in important sporting contests, driven by drivers of world repute, such as best-in-the-world Tazio Nuvolari, the portly opera-singer Campari, Count Brilli-Peri and the ice-cold Archille Varzi, their fame was assured. The first of these impeccable Alfas was the celebrated 1750 cc model, which won innumerable events on the Continent. When they came to Ireland to compete in the Ards TT race and those fabulous Irish Grands Prix at Phoenix Park, watched not only by the discerning Irish motor-fans but by visitors from mainland Britain, the fame of these beautifully-made sports Alfas was complete.

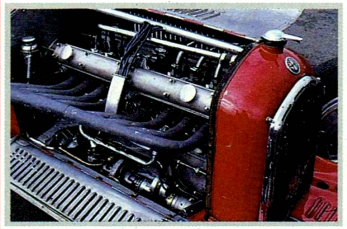
The Alfa Romeos arrived in Ulster for the second of the revived sports-car TT races in 1929, the year the German driver Rudi Caracciola in a big supercharged Mercedes-Benz won this handicap battle on wet roads. The then British Alfa agent F W Stiles entered a team of four of the 1500 cc cars for Boris Ivanovsky, Marioni, Campari and our own 'record-man' Capt George Eyston to drive. There was another of these 1½-litre cars in the care of Guilio Ramponi, who in later years

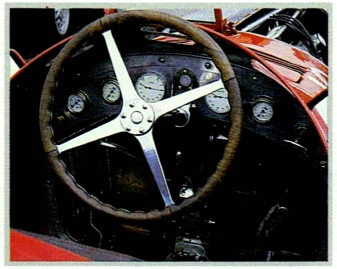


Another race-winner in the 1920s was the Alfa Romeo Monza (far left on this page). This model has a 2.3-litre engine. Near left and below: One of Alfa's more recent models, the Montreal, which first appeared at the 1970 Geneva Motor Show. This one is powered by a 2593 cc V8 motor.

Alfa Romeo
0270FL

Left: Monzas in close-up. Below: Three views of a 1934 2.9-litre Alfa P3. Right and small picture below it: The 1600cc Giulia TZ Zagato Turbolane. Below that is the cockpit of a 1934 Tipo B. Bottom right: A 1930 1750cc Alfa. Bottom: A 1570cc Giulietta Sprint.





DUNLOP
Amoco
177

was closely associated with Lodge spark plugs. Not only that, but the British contingent had three of the faster 1750 Alfas in the next class up, driven by the keen Dr J D Benjafield, Earl Howe, and private owner Headlam. Campari came home second overall, behind the Mercedes.

In the 1930 TT the works team of Nuvolari, Campari and Varzi drove the famous 1750 Alfa Romeos, all supercharged. They dominated this important sports-car race, Nuvolari winning at 70.88 mph. By 1931 the little MGs had this class-handicap contest tied-up, but Borzacchini came home second in a supercharged 2300 cc Alfa Romeo, at the highest average speed for the 400 miles of the distinctly sinuous road course of 79.05 mph, also setting the fastest lap at 81.28 mph. By this time discerning racing drivers in England like the Earl Howe and Sir Henry Birkin, had taken delivery of *their* 2.3-litre

turn to page 74

continued from page 71

Alfas. They had been convinced by the successful showing in these Irish races, and at Le Mans where Howe and Birkin shared the winning 2300 cc Alfa in the 24-hour marathon of 1931, and where this make was to win for the next three years. Having experienced the splendid road-clinging, the finger-sensitive steering, and the eager response to the throttle of the blown straight-eight engine, I can well understand their enthusiasm.

It was the same in Grand Prix racing. With the 2-litre straight-eight P2 racer, a beautiful car if ever there was one, Alfa Romeo took the Manufacturers' Championship in 1925, the first occasion on which this was instituted. That despite withdrawing from the French GP after their leading driver, Antonio Ascari, had been fatally injured. From the P2 came the celebrated 2.6-litre Monza sports/racing Alfas, and then the great *monopostos* or single-seaters, which reached their highest form as the Tipo-B, which won more races than I have space to list, giving Nuvolari some of his greatest victories. The engine remained a twin-cam straight-eight-cylinder, to which Jano had long been faithful, with twin super-chargers. The back axle had a split drive via two propeller shafts, enabling the gear ratio to be easily changed. Starting as a 2.9, the engine was progressively enlarged, until it ended up as a 3.2-litre, even in some guises as a 3.8. In 1935 the road holding was further improved by putting on independent front suspension. These P3 GP Alfas were eventually ousted by the Hitler-sponsored German racing teams but as late as 1935, Nuvolari had a truly memorable win on the German's own ground at the Nurburgring, and that in spite of a long refuelling delay. Other great racing cars, like the fearsome twin-engined *Bi-Motore* and various twelve-cylinder *bolides* were built, and by the end of the pre-WW2 period the reputation of the Milan manufacturers was second-to-none.

This reputation was maintained after the war by a series of very delectable production Alfa Romeos, in which open sports models were included. First to emerge were the 6C-2500 model's, with 72 x 100 mm eight-pot engines and triple carbs in GT form. For more sedate Italians there were the 1900s, but even the saloon 1900 gave 80 bhp and 93 mph, and for the lads in 1952 there was the remarkable *Disco Volante* sports, poking out 230 bhp from 2,995 cc, to take it to 155 mph. From the mid-1950s came the long-running series of Giuliettas, from sports Spyder to comfortable saloon, their twin-cam 1.3-litre engines so typically Alfa, the TI version putting out 65 bhp at 6,100 rpm, translating into a top pace of 95 mph. In the 1960s this range became the Giulia family, mainly with four-pot 1570 cc power-units, and available in sports saloon and Zagato coupé body styles, amongst others.

In later times the theme of free-revving four-cylinder twin-cam power and supple springing plus fine road-holding has continued, and persists to this day. In more recent times the Alfa Company has run into difficult patches but the reputation won on the race circuits has been reflected in cars like the vee-eight GTV2.5. There has also been a resumption of Alfas for businessmen with a saloon version that united a carburettor-per-cylinder with a ZF automatic transmission. We waited a long time in this country to try the Montreal, which appeared at the 1970 Geneva Show as an excitingly-styled Bertone coupé, simulating the mid-engined look, although it actually used the Giulia floor-pan, the V8 (twin-cam, of course) engine was a road-going edition of the Tiporace-unit, and gave 200 bhp from 2-6-litres. Alas, the Montreal Supercar was too long in going into production, especially in rhd form. Italian strikes delayed things, and this seemingly promising front-engined 140mph Alfa faded out after about five years.

You cannot deny the appeal of these cars, however, and in more recent times the different front-drive Alfasuds, made in Southern Italy to help the unemployment problem, have been ever faster and more endearing and handled like thoroughbreds. Past tense, alas, for the 'Sud is no more, having been replaced by the Japanese-influenced Arna, costing £5,930 in 1½-litre Ti form. The Tipo 33 and 75 are the intermediate models but let no sportsman or sports girl forget that Alfa Romeo still makes an openable sports-job, the 2.0 Spyder, priced at just under £12,000 in basic form. Imported by Bell and Colville of West Horsley, its power comes from a traditional twin-cam four-pot 130 bhp engine, driving through a five-speed gearbox with all-round servo disc brakes. There are snags, like scuttle-shake and less good road-behaviour than expected. But with the wind in your, and her, hair, at up to a claimed 120 mph, who cares? Let no man deny that Alfa Romeo cars have an irresistible appeal. Race-bred, you might say, with the aura of Nuvolari clinging still . . .

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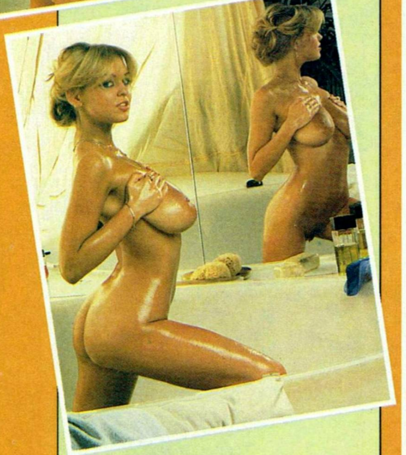
SHEILA

Any readers who went to the south coast this summer, and sent the children off to buy the ice cream, could well have missed out on a delicious sight. For serving in one ice cream van, was 40-25-38 Sheila Hall.

The sight of the full-breasted 22-year-old leaning out of the van's window as she handed over a '99', had both adults and children licking their lips. 'Yes, it was quite a summer,' Sheila grinned, now back at home in Richmond, Surrey. 'I offered to help a friend who owns the van, and we took it all along the coast. She'd lie on the beach while I served, then she'd take over. It was a great way of affording a long holiday.'



'And, yes, my figure did receive a lot of attention . . .' Sheila smiled. But then, *she* devotes a lot of attention to it. 'Having big boobs means you really have to look after them,' she says. 'I rub creams into them, do exercises, anything to keep them firm and wrinkle-free.' Men seem to admire her handiwork. 'If I'd taken up all the offers I had this summer . . . That freezer didn't help. Every time I got out a lolly, the cold made my nipples stick out.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

When the boutique assistant asked why
Use a one metre rule, the reply
Was, 'Along a girls thighs
It measures inside leg size —
If you subtract the wet from the dry.'

An 80-year-old man made such an impression on a pretty young girl at the local pub that she even agreed to take him back to her flat to make love. A week later, however, the old man got rather concerned when he noticed that he had a small drop of liquid dangling from the end of his penis. Fearing that it might be the onset of some disease, he rushed to his doctor.

The doctor examined the old man.

'Now tell me,' the GP asked, 'have you had sex recently?'

'Indeed, I have,' replied the octogenarian proudly. 'I bedded this little 18-year-old a week ago.'

'Do you have the girl's name and address?' enquired the doctor.

'Of course. Why?'

'Because I advise you to go and see her right away. You're about to climax.'

Great Quotes of Our Time:
Sir Thomas Beecham was due to conduct a new production of *Tosca* at Covent Garden, and the search was on for a leading lady. One of the singers being considered was German lyric soprano, Marta Fuchs, who was performing in Berlin. Rather than fly her to Britain, it was decided to send a talent scout to Germany to hear her, and report back to Beecham. The man was despatched, and within a couple of days a telegram with the inevitable spelling mistake arrived.

'Marta Fucks wonderful,' it read.

Beecham immediately sent another in reply. 'More than likely,' it said. 'But stop enjoying yourself, and find out if she can sing.'

'It's too hot to wear clothes,' complained George to his wife one summer's day. 'What do you think the neighbours would say if I mowed the lawn in the nude?'

'That's easy,' replied the wife. 'They'd say I must have married you for your money.'

A leading lady missionary returned to Britain after a lifetime preaching to the tribes of Africa. When the clergy heard of her arrival, they decided that as a gesture of gratitude for her work, they would close St Paul's Cathedral to the public for an afternoon to allow her the chance to pray there privately. So, one afternoon, she opened the doors of the cathedral and walked down the eerily silent aisle. Kneeling in front of the altar she began her prayer. After a few seconds the silence was broken by a booming voice from the heavens.

'Miss Mornington, this is the Almighty,' it said. 'You have served me well, doing my bidding and spreading my word like an actor in my divine play. Now your role is finished, tell me, is there something I can do for you?'

'Actually there is,' replied the meek missionary. 'To tell the truth, I've always wanted to direct . . .'

Teacher: Jimmy, can you tell me what happens when a body is immersed in liquid?

Jimmy: Yes, Miss. The bloody phone rings.

Outside the cinema in a small Devon town, a young man was halfway through putting up a poster for the next week's film. As he did so two local girls glanced up at the billboard.

'Oh, look,' cried one. '*Superman's* coming.'

The young man looked down.

'Oh no,' he said. 'That's just the paste dripping off my brush.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

A travelling salesman entered a singles bar, ordered a drink, and started looking around for company. A few tables away, he noticed a girl sitting all alone, so he decided to join her.

'Excuse me,' he said rather nervously, 'I'm new to this area, and I wondered if you would mind having a drink with me.'

The woman looked up.

'HOTEL ROOM!' she shouted. 'How dare you make such a suggestion!'

The entire bar stared at the unfortunate young man who went a deep shade of red, and retreated to the bar. Immediately he ordered a triple scotch, and downed it in one.

Ten minutes later the same girl came up to him at the bar, smiling warmly.

'I'm terribly sorry about what just happened,' she said. 'My name's Debbie, I'm a psychology student, and I'm studying human behaviour. That was part of my research, I apologise, and yes I will have that drink.'

The young man smiled, then suddenly shouted, 'What! FIFTY POUNDS FOR A BLOW JOB — you must be joking.'

A man was standing at a urinal when a midget came in, dragged a small step ladder to the toilet, and began peeing. As he did so, the midget stared intently at the first man's tackle.

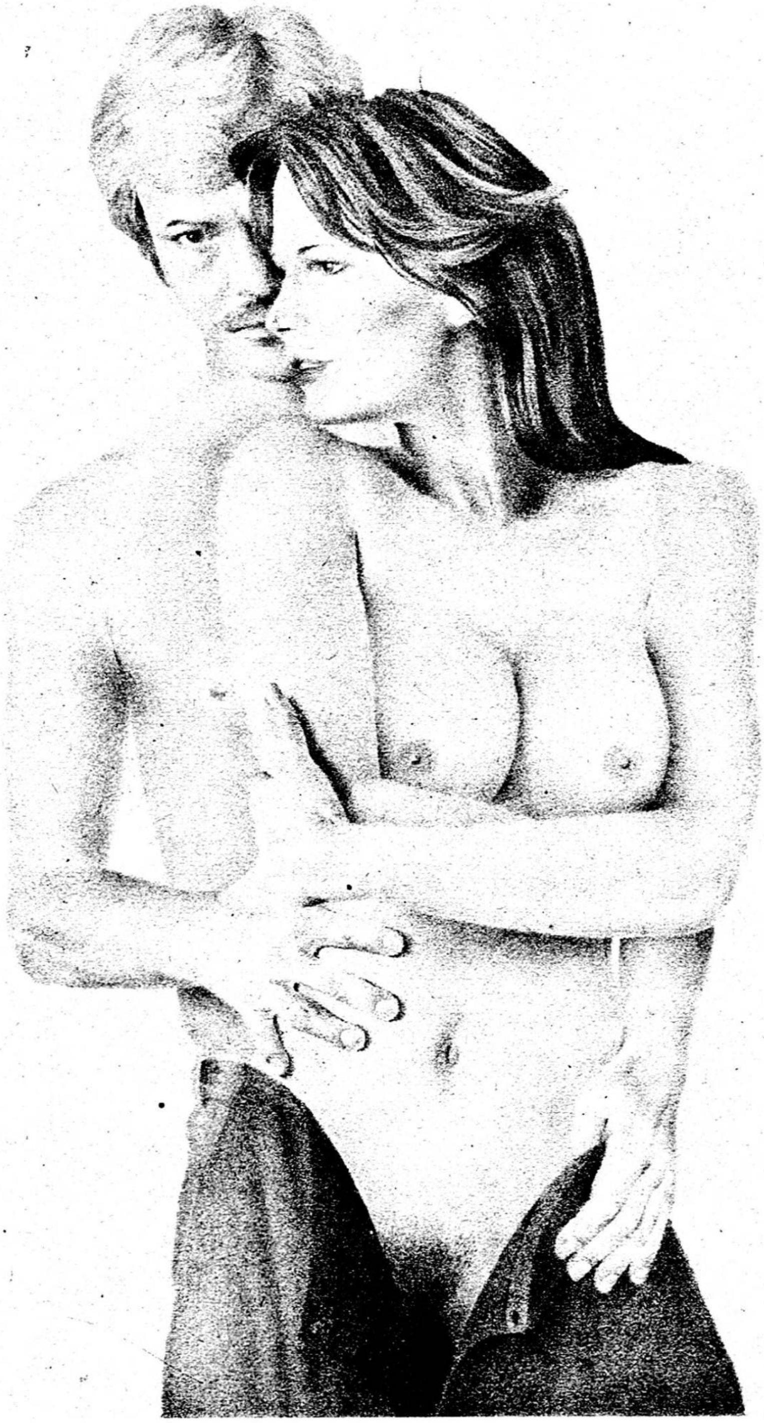
'You've got lovely balls,' he said. 'Do you mind if I touch them?'

Flattered, and thinking it would do no harm, the man agreed. Immediately, the midget held him firmly by the testicles. 'Okay, hand over your wallet,' he said. 'or I jump.'

After a parade two Salvation Army girls went back to their flat to take a nap. As they undressed, one suddenly turned to the other.

'My dear, haven't you got a big navel.'

'It's not surprising,' the other replied. 'I've been carrying the flag for three years.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eighteen

Secret fears about an aspect of their physical appearance can often lead to needless worry for women, and even be a factor in their decision to enter a relationship. Quest continues the investigation

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

BUYER, 29 years old, brunette, town of origin Manchester

This interviewee trained with a nationwide retail chain, and buys carpets for a large department store.

Quest: Why would an attractive girl like yourself have sex over a pile of carpets with a comparative stranger?

Buyer: Oh God! I *knew* you'd come out with something like that! Why don't you add that it was in the middle of a filthy warehouse — and from behind — *and* anyone could have walked in at any moment?

Quest: I'd still like to know your reasons.

Buyer: Because we both wanted to, because I was depressed and I needed something unexpected and exciting, because I needed reassurance.

Quest: What did you need to be reassured about?

Buyer: That I was attractive, I suppose — that I could drive someone I hardly knew into doing something outrageous. I told you I was feeling low. I'd just broken up with my fiancé.

Quest: And the break-up affected your self-confidence, as a woman?

Buyer: It *did*, but I'd never really had that much.

Quest: Really? You've a pretty face and an elegant figure —

Buyer: I'm also barely an inch under six foot.

Quest: That worried you?

Buyer: It dominated my life, right from schooldays. Boys like to go out with girls who are shorter than they are, or at least the same height. I didn't meet that many fellows over six foot — and even fewer I was likely to fall for.

Quest: Are you saying you only went out with men your own height or more?

Buyer: No, but I was always aware that if a man was shorter than me, then either he or I — usually both of us — felt uncomfortable about it. I'm sure a lot of it was just me being over-sensitive, but I couldn't help how I felt — until I met Ian. I was twenty-two then.

Quest: Who was Ian?

Buyer: My first fiancé. We worked together and always got on tremendously well as friends. I always thought he was fanciable too, but he was about an inch shorter than me — that's in my stockinged feet, and I usually wear a highish heel. So I mentally ruled him out on a romantic level. It didn't stop me having naughty dreams

about him, though! Then, at an office party, we both had a few too many, and Ian admitted he had the same kind of thoughts about me!
Quest: When did you first have sex with him?
Buyer: Not that night, because neither of us had taken any precautions — we were both too drunk anyway! But we did the first night we went out together properly. Ian had prepared himself with some rubbers by then.
Quest: Was it satisfactory sex?
Buyer: It was beautiful sex. Ian was the first man to show me it could be fun. Before him it had always been fraught — either I was afraid I'd do the wrong thing or there wasn't anywhere private to go. Ian just made me relax about it, and I made up for lost time! I've never had so much sex at one time — half a dozen times we were late for work because we'd had a last minute bonk on Ian's sofa. But it was innocent in a way, too.
Quest: How?
Buyer: We did it fairly conventionally — mostly with Ian on top, and it was lovely, but we weren't as inventive as Stephen, my current boyfriend, and I are now. Now I sound desperately kinky!
Quest: You were aware of something missing?
Buyer: I realised Ian was quite inhibited about oral sex. It made it difficult for me to kiss or lick his penis, which I'd have liked sometimes. It seemed to put him off somehow. And I think that's why he didn't do me from behind very often.
Quest! You enjoy intercourse from the rear?
Buyer: I seem to feel more that way, and sometimes it's sexier not seeing who's having you, or what they might do next!
Quest: Is that why your relationship with Ian ended?
Buyer: Basically we outgrew each other. But the rot started when I realised he felt uneasy with me in public. I thought at first it was just shyness that he didn't like us to kiss and cuddle when we were out, or even hold hands! But we had endless rows about me wearing high heels, even though he said how nice they made my legs look. When he finally admitted the truth it destroyed me.
Quest: What did you miss most?
Buyer: It sounds awful, but the sex. I'd still enjoyed doing it with him, right up to the end. Afterwards I felt terrible — some sort of lanky freak no decent man would ever want.
Quest: So you chose an indecent one?
Buyer: Yes! Ironically my work at the time was going marvellously. I'd just been made an assistant buyer, which meant quite a bit of visiting manufacturers and suppliers. At one of the biggest was a fellow called Frank who always looked after the buyer and I when we made selections. He was in his late thirties, dark-haired, quite short, quite good-looking too, full of dirty sparkle — it's the only way I can put it. He'd come out with things like, 'Christ, here's the girl with the legs all the way up to her bum! I'd love to get them wrapped round my neck?' Totally disgusting — you got the feeling no woman would be safe around him, but he was so cheeky about it you wouldn't mind.
Quest: Did you fancy him?
Buyer: Not seriously, though I remember thinking, 'Well if things get bad, I can always try Frankie.'
Quest: And they did?
Buyer: It was just over a month after Ian and I had broken up. Then Ian and I had a very public row at work, and the same day I had to deputise for the carpet buyer at Frankie's factory. So I turned up on my own, and I didn't know whether to burst into tears or get blind drunk. And Frank realised this.
Quest: He was sympathetic?
Buyer: I don't remember what he said, but it all suddenly came pouring out of me. I ended up literally crying on his shoulder. Then, as I finished, I realised I'd probably made an even bigger fool of myself. I said something like, 'God, I must look such a pathetic mess.' Then he really surprised me. He reached up, pulled down my face and kissed me on the lips.
Quest: Where were you at the time?
Buyer: We were in a shed off the main warehouse, where they kept ends of runs and cancelled lines — half a dozen stacks of room-sized remnants, heaped about waist-high. It was usually quiet in there, but I think the storemen in the main warehouse were at lunch anyway.

> ‘He pushed me back onto the carpet so I was lying flat on my back with my legs splayed out wide’

Quest: How did you respond to this kiss?
Buyer: I was touched — I hadn't dreamed Frank felt anything like that. Then he murmured, 'If I had a girl with legs as long as yours I wouldn't throw her over — except onto her tummy.' That's when he kissed me again, and I knew he meant it.
Quest: He was making a pass at you?
Buyer: I'm sure in a normal situation I'd have laughed it off, or never let him get that far. But it wasn't normal. I just let myself think it was possible, and suddenly I really missed being wanted as much as Ian had wanted me. The result was a kind of mad moment.
Quest: Go on.
Buyer: We were suddenly grabbing at each other. I was kissing Frank, then he was pushing me back onto a stack of carpet, so that I was lying virtually flat on my back with my legs splayed out. He was between them, leaning over me, kissing me and fondling my breasts.
Quest: What did you have on?
Buyer: A light summer dress — very thin cotton. I could feel the warmth of his hands through it, and he managed to push off one of my bra cups, so that it was virtually like having his fingers on my bare nipple, rubbing and tweaking it. That had me gasping, which inspired him even more. He just yanked up the front of my dress, and put the flat of his hand against my knickers and began massaging my pussy. I nearly came on the spot!
Quest: Were you just wearing knickers underneath?
Buyer: With stockings and suspenders Ian had bought me. He was very keen on those. So was Frank! The next thing I knew there was cool air between my legs — he must have rolled my knickers down as he rubbed me. Then his head went down, and I had the most incredible liquid feeling right against my most sensitive spot. I nearly exploded!
Quest: Frank performed oral sex on you?
Buyer: I think he probably just teased my clitoris with the tip of his tongue. But it was the first time anyone had done that to me, and my reaction must have been so wild he thought I'd come without him! So he immediately started scrabbling my knickers right down, and tearing at his trousers at the same time. I was going, 'What are you doing! What are you doing?' Why, I don't know, because I'd have killed him if he'd stopped! Then I was kicking off my pants, and he was grunting and running his hands up and down my bare legs and thighs. 'Over,' he said, 'on your front —' And almost bodily twisted me round, until I was bending face down on the carpets. 'Those legs,' he breathed. 'Those fantastic bloody legs —' He was stroking them as he said it. Then he whispered, 'Christ, Janey (name changed) I want to fuck you —' I think hearing that word, and the way he said it, almost took me over the limit. But then he leaned into me, and I felt his erection between my thighs, and suddenly it was sliding into me — so smoothly and easily — and we were doing it.
Quest: Satisfactorily?
Buyer: Yes, in a lovely explosive sort of way. It was so comfortable on the carpet I even thought he'd planned it, so we'd be next to a stack with the right height for him to do me easily! I don't think he managed many strokes, but they were all deep. Then he groaned, and I knew he was about to spurt, and it was suddenly happening to both of us.
Quest: Was it repeated?
Buyer: No. I think even Frank realised he'd got me in a very weak moment. But it did boost my confidence at a crucial time, and the next month I met my present boyfriend, who happens to be even shorter than Frank!
Quest: It doesn't bother either of you?
Buyer: No, because the relationship is right, which is all that matters.
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

GRAPHIC DESIGNER. 34 years old.
town of origin East Kilbride

This male interviewee studied graphics and design at art college, though his first employment was in a photographic studio. He now works in advertising. He is divorced.

Quest: Has your attitude to women changed over the years?
Designer: It's tended to go in quantum leaps. At college the girls I fancied were gorgeous, unpredictable creatures I spent most of my time trying to please, and generally failing miserably. They only seemed interested in guys who were smoother or older or better-looking, or all three! Then I started working in a photographic studio, and that was a revelation.
Quest: Why?
Designer: The guy who owned it — his name was Vince — ran a sideline in girlie pics. He and a friend, another photographer, used to organise evening sessions for prospective models. Most were OK'ish, but once in a while there'd be a real stunner. And, working around those women, it became obvious how insecure they were underneath the gloss. I remember one girl who actually went on to model professionally. You'd *weep* to see her. Perfect face, perfect figure, poised, sexy. But underneath she was jelly. Convinced she was too fat, her boobs weren't big enough, her nose was the wrong shape — the list was endless. I remember thinking, 'My God, and I thought *I* had problems with the way I look!'
Quest: So your experience of professional glamour photography gave you an understanding of women's secret fears?
Designer: Yes, but I'd hesitate to describe what Vince got up to as 'professional'!
Quest: Why do you say that?
Designer: For a start he never sold any pictures to what I'd call genuine magazines. It was all under-the-counter stuff — the kind of thing you see in contact magazines. You know, 'Send five pounds for naughty trannies of my wife — stroke — girlfriend — stroke — whatever.' I doubt if they even covered their costs, but I don't think that bothered them.
Quest: Why not?
Designer: Because they were a pair of wankers, basically. They were doing it for a cheap thrill, and a chance to get their ends away.
Quest: How soon were you aware of this?
Designer: I knew Vince saw girls from the start. I found out what actually happened by accident.
Quest: How?
Designer: He asked me to sort out a drawer of trannies in a cabinet in his office, and right on top was a sheet of six with a typewritten note attached. It said something along the lines of, 'See a beautiful teenage girl sucked and fucked by two rampant studs.' The pictures showed a girl in a school uniform having it off with two guys, but I recognised two of the people in it. One of the guys was Vince's photographer pal — a randy little bugger called Kelvin. The 'schoolgirl' was a woman of about twenty-eight who popped in regularly from the teashop on the corner. A bit tarty, but quite attractive. I knew she and Vince had something going, but not this much!
Quest: Were the photos genuine?
Designer: I don't think you can simulate a close-up of a cock stuck halfway up a cunt! No, they were the real thing. But then I looked further down and found another drawer full of it. Not all quite as bad. Mostly nude or topless shots — but fairly crotchy. There was another little note with one of them. 'Watch my wife masturbate for you — she wants you to *come* with her.' Beautifully rank! But what surprised me was that I recognised several girls who'd called at the studio, including one young mum!
Quest: Did you mention this to Vince?
Designer: No, but he must have realised when he saw what I'd tidied up. He asked if I'd been shocked by his 'bit of fun'. Then he invited me to help out next time. I got the feeling he was afraid I'd tell his wife, which was crazy because I'd only met her twice.
Quest: Did you accept?
Designer: Wouldn't you? If only out of curiosity. But they were bastards, though. They really were sods.
Quest: In what way?
Designer: The girl they'd lined up was one who'd been in asking if we did model cards. I think she actually paid Vince for the session.
Quest: What was she like?
Designer: About nineteen, fairly naive. Facially, pretty ordinary. The only thing she really had going for her was a pair of enormous boobs.
Quest: Did she know what Vince had in mind?

> ‘By the time it ended they had her posing nude. I hadn't fancied her at the start, but I did then’

Designer: She was willing to go topless because Vince convinced her he had some Page Three contacts. That was all. But those guys just worked on her. You could tell it was a practised routine.
Quest: What happened?
Designer: We set up in the studio, and got her down to a bikini bottom. Vince and Kelvin were saying what great tits she had, which boosted her no end. Then Vince suggested she drop her pants and try a couple of quick nude shots. She obviously wasn't happy about that. So Kelvin immediately changes tack. 'Trouble is, love,' he says, 'nice boobs'll only get you so far, if your face isn't striking or unusual.' You could see that hit a nerve. 'It seems a pity not to emphasise your good point, which is your figure.' 'Especially,' Vince chimes in, 'as there's a big demand at the moment for redheads with your kind of measurements.' It was classic stick and carrot. Attack a vulnerable spot — and she knew her looks *were* run-of-the-mill, and most fellows wouldn't see beyond her chest anyway. Then suggest it didn't really matter if she was willing to show off something they'd be nice about.
Quest: Did it work?
Designer: To my surprise, yes! First they got her pants off, and some fairly discreet nude poses. Then she wasn't keen on too much full frontal stuff. Instantly Kelvin starts in, 'You're probably right, love. It should save you a few problems.' Of course she wanted to know *what* problems. 'Your pubes, love,' says Vince. 'Lovely rich growth like that photographs like a dream, but we might have censorship difficulties.'
Quest: Did she have much pubic hair?
Designer: Yes, a thick gingery mane, very full, well over her bikini line. You could see where she'd hacked it about, so she was plainly self-conscious about it. And she went scarlet as soon as Vince mentioned it. She said she didn't think showing *that* was against the law. 'Strictly no,' says Vince, 'but if you look close at most glamour photos I'll guarantee you'll see a teeny bit of retouching in that area. Photographers like to play safe, you see.'
Quest: Did she believe this?
Designer: I'll just say that by the end of the evening they had her posing on her back with her legs splayed, and they were taking close-ups of her finger half buried in her pussy.
Quest: Was the girl aware of what was going on?
Designer: Oh I think so, though she wouldn't admit it. Kelvin had a lump the size of a cucumber down his thigh, and she'd have to have been blind to miss it!
Quest: Did you expect sex to take place?
Designer: I wouldn't have been surprised, the atmosphere was sweaty enough. I hadn't particularly fancied the girl when we started, but by the end I had trouble keeping my cock an inconspicuous size. But then everything seemed to reach a peak, and stopped. It was late, and I'm sure if anyone had made the mood explicit she'd have screamed the place down.
Quest: So the evening was just an exercise in titillation?
Designer: Not quite. I ended up running the girl home. Vince generously offered to drop her at the bus stop. But she turned out to live along my route home.
Quest: And reaped the sexual benefit?
Designer: I think I did, actually. She was obviously keyed up in the car — and on a bit of a high. One minute she was saying how she'd really astonished herself, and how marvellous Vince and Kelvin had been. I didn't bother to contradict that. Next minute was a horrible attack of anxiety and guilt. What if her parents found out? Was she really good enough to be a model? Did I think she'd been disgusting showing off so much of herself? I just said what I thought she wanted to hear. She'd been fine, I was sure she'd do well. She'd got a figure to be proud of.
Quest: Where were you then?
Designer: At that point parked outside her tenement, in a fairly dim driveway, but she didn't seem inclined to get out. Then she giggled and said she had an admission to make. She didn't want me to get the wrong idea, but actually she'd found the evening incredibly sexy. So I said I thought the others had too. She giggled even louder then, and wondered if I'd noticed that Kelvin had got excited. She'd been trying really hard not to look at him. I said I'd had enough on my plate trying to keep my own trousers in order.
Quest: How did she react to that?
Designer: A definite warming, and moving closer to me in the car. Then she said, 'I've got another confession. I nearly got you to drop me off at my boyfriend's just now because I was so pent up. But I daren't tell him where I've been.
Quest: An invitation?

Designer: I leaned closer and said, ‘I’d hate to deprive you of your boyfriend’s comforts,’ and pecked her on the lips, and then we were into it. A very fierce embrace. She was gasping and grunting as soon as I eased my tongue into her mouth — she pushed her own straight back into mine. And she got worse when I brought my hand up onto those big, squashy breasts I’d been staring at all evening.

Quest: How was she dressed?

Designer: A sweater and skirt, I think, because I remember sliding my hand up under a woollen top, and finding her bra straightaway. She even reached back to unclip it for me. Then the bra cups were falling off, and I pushed the sweater right up under her arms so I could lick and kiss the nipples, which were like bullets. She lay back against the passenger seat, moaning.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Designer: There was a point when I thought she wouldn’t. It was great exploring her body, even under clothes — I slipped my hand down the front of her knickers into that lovely pubic forest, and began finger-fucking her quite vigorously. But I was waiting for her to rush me upstairs to somewhere more comfortable. Then, when she was panting so loud I thought I’d overdone it, she suddenly grabbed my arm, pulled my fingers out of her knickers, and hissed, ‘No — finish me properly — put it in me — now — put it in — ’

Quest: And did you?

Designer: I didn’t even get my trousers all the way down. I screwed her through the leg hole of her knickers. I know she finished up squatting on the seat, facing forward, while I leaned into her, my legs in the footwell. I seemed to go very deep, though, and she came off quickly — and very loudly — which did the job for me too. Then a quick kiss and she’d gone.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Designer: No, but it was a very enjoyable lesson in female psychology.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

NANNY, 24 years of age, blonde, town of origin Salisbury

This interviewee took teacher training after leaving school, but after two years’ infant teaching became a nanny. She lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: What would you say is your most persistent worry?

Nanny: My weight — top of the list. I only have to look at a cream cake, and I expand.

Quest: You think a full figure puts you at a sexual disadvantage today?

Nanny: I always thought so. At college I was ‘Cuddly Cath’ (name changed). Most of my boyfriends were chums as much as lovers. The sex was something incidental.

Quest: So you were frustrated?

Nanny: Not so much from lack of sex — though I could have done with more! It was the tacit assumption that because I was a bit of a tub I didn’t *want* it. And the fact that only slim girls seemed to get lusted over.

Quest: I can’t believe men didn’t fancy you.

Nanny: I’m sure my anxieties distorted my view of things. But the one time I did try and change things was a disaster.

Quest: What happened?

Nanny: It was at a party my second year at college. It was a very hot night, and I’d put on a loose summer dress, quite low on the bust, with shoulder straps that wouldn’t stay up. And this Australian started talking to me.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Nanny: I thought he was gorgeous — tall, blond, beautifully muscled, the real beach boy type. I couldn’t understand why he picked on me! He started asking about the special subject I was doing. I thought it must genuinely fascinate him. Then about halfway through he suddenly said, ‘You know you’ve got a fascinating mind for a girl with boobs as good as yours.’

Quest: How did you respond?

Nanny: My feminist soul should have been outraged, but it was *so* unexpected, and from a man I thought could have had any girl in the room. It was as if he’d suddenly stripped me naked — *and* liked what he saw. I just fell apart. Which is obviously what he intended. Then he apologised, and wanted to know if he’d offended me, then if I felt faint and wanted to sit down.

Quest: Did you?

Nanny: He took me into the kitchen and got me a drink. He told me he didn’t know what had come over him, it must have been the strength of his feelings getting the better of him. All nectar to my ear! Then he said if he’d really knocked me off balance, perhaps I ought to lie down a moment. I wouldn’t be disturbed in his room.

Quest: A bit obvious?

Nanny: Oh totally. But how many offers do you get like that? We went upstairs to this tiny attic bedroom, which looked as if a bomb had hit it. He sat me on the bed, sat down next to me, and asked if I’d be alright. My heart was hammering like a steam engine. I wished I had the courage to say, ‘No — stay with me.’ Then he leaned over and kissed me, and it was all happening.

Quest: What exactly?

Nanny: We fell back slowly onto the bed, still kissing and cuddling. He just smoothed down the top of my dress, bra and all, so my boobs popped out the top. He was kissing them, running his tongue over my nipples, tweaking them between his teeth — no-one had been that inventive with me before. I was on cloud ninety, let alone nine! Then he began sliding his hand under my dress, up my thigh to my pants.

Quest: Were you willing to have intercourse?

Nanny: I wanted to physically, and I could feel his thick bulge against my leg, so he obviously did too. He managed to roll between my legs, and his crotch bumped right against mine. And he began to rub the shaft of his erection against my mound. It went through my brain like a stroke of lightning. He still had his jeans on, and my pants were in place, but for all that it was as if we actually were *doing* it. A minute or so later we were.

Quest: Enjoyably?

Nanny: Yes, gloriously, even though he’d only pulled up my dress, and pushed down his jeans and pants. He felt gigantic when he came into me, and when he started to hump me it was so incredible I was crying like a baby!

Quest: Did you climax?

Nanny: I think I was so emotionally overwrought I didn’t have any room for purely sexual feelings. I just wanted to feel him come, which he did. But the second time he kept at it much longer, and made me have my climax;

Quest: You had intercourse twice?

Nanny: After the first time I wanted to touch his penis, to see what it was like limp. But he’d started growing again! That time he took his trousers off, and we did it doggy fashion, which meant he could play with my clitoris as we screwed. It was actually the first climax I’d ever been given. Afterwards I just slumped on my tummy. I must have dozed off because the next thing I heard was voices murmuring in the doorway. It was my lover and a friend.

Quest: Saying?

Nanny: ‘Hey, she’s got a bit of an arse on her.’ This was the friend. ‘I didn’t know you liked them that well-padded.’ My Australian said, ‘You know me, any crevice in a storm. Sally’s giving me a hard time. Anyway, she was crying out for it.’ Then they must have realised I was waking up, because the friend made a sshing sound, and the door shut.

Quest: How did you feel?

Nanny: How do you think? I was mortified. I hated myself. After that I went back to my safe, boring ‘chums’.

Quest: Would you class your current boyfriend in the same way?

Nanny: No! Richard is in a class of his own. He’s nearly forty for a start, and, I think, very attractive.

Quest: How did you meet?

Nanny: I worked for him, before he and his wife separated. Which I didn’t have anything to do with, incidentally.

Quest: What was his wife like?

Nanny: She was slim, extremely attractive, very ambitious — she ran her own business. I know there are always two sides to these things, but he seemed to put up with murder. And *she* walked out on *him*. It devastated Richard. I helped him pick up the pieces.

Quest: Including the sexual ones?

Nanny: Not for ages, though I did think it was just the rebound when it started.

Quest: When was this?

Nanny: He had some friends round for drinks, and asked me to stay on and help. It was the first time he’d been sociable since his wife had gone. It was obviously a strain, and he drank too much. I ended up putting him to bed, which meant wrestling his trousers off as he lay flat on his bed. And he had an erection, making a big tent in his pants. He apologised for it. I told him not to be silly. He said, ‘You know you’ve done that.’

Quest: What did you feel?

Nanny: I wasn’t *un*affected, but he hadn’t slept with anyone for months. Any female could have got him going. So I went to drape a sheet over him, and he sat up and kissed me. Then he started pulling me down onto the bed.

Quest: Did you object?

Nanny: I told him he shouldn’t. I didn’t worry about him making the pass, so much as the consequences. I didn’t want to ruin a relationship I enjoyed. I didn’t want him to be disappointed either, because there was no comparison between his wife and myself physically. Then I felt his erection pressing into my skirt — it had obviously popped out of his pants, and it was getting harder rather than the opposite. He said, ‘Please Cathy — you won’t regret it.’ So I let it happen.

Quest: Did you regret it?

Nanny: I think I was too nervous to enjoy it properly, but I was damp enough for him when he got on top of me and put his erection into me. He didn’t seem to have any problem ejaculating. Then he fell asleep still inside me. I meant to slide away, but I fell asleep too, and we woke up next morning still wrapped in each other’s arms.

Quest: What happened?

> ‘This time we were on top of the sheets, completely naked in broad daylight. He did it to me fabulously’

Nanny: He was lovely. He sat up and looked at me before I had a chance to cover myself. Then all of a sudden he dropped his head on my boobs, and held me tight, and said, ‘You don’t know what it’s like to have a woman who feels like a woman next to me again. I just want to wallow in you!’ Then I felt a very large erection inching its way up my thigh — and you can’t fake that.

Quest: So you had intercourse again?

Nanny: This time we made love — not in a fumbled rush, in the dark, with only half our clothes off. we were both completely naked, on top of the sheets, in daylight. And he did it fabulously. He kissed me and licked me all over — not just my face and my breasts, but down between my legs, even round along the crevice of my bum. Then he straddled me, and rubbed his enormous erection between my boobs. That, I found, is a favourite thing of his. Apparently his wife was too small-boobed for him to do it. So I added to it by lifting my head, running my tongue round his lovely big tip, and sucking him gently. Then, finally, he opened my legs, and eased between them, and we did it, more deeply and more beautifully than I’d ever done it before.

Quest: Did he give you an orgasm?

Nanny: It happened so naturally and wonderfully, I think I went slightly off my head. I remember wailing at him as he pushed into me. Very weird! Then he was groaning, and his penis was jumping in me, and I could feel him flooding into me. I still get goosepimples thinking about it — though we’ve repeated it a few times since!

Quest: So no more anxiety about weight?

Nanny: Richard’s taken the agony out of it. He insists he was never able to curl up to his wife properly in bed, because she was so slim and bony. But I’m taking nothing for granted.

Quest: Thank you.

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Pamela

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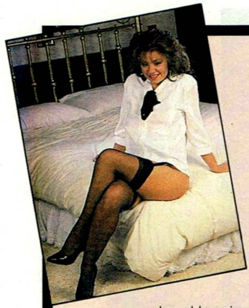
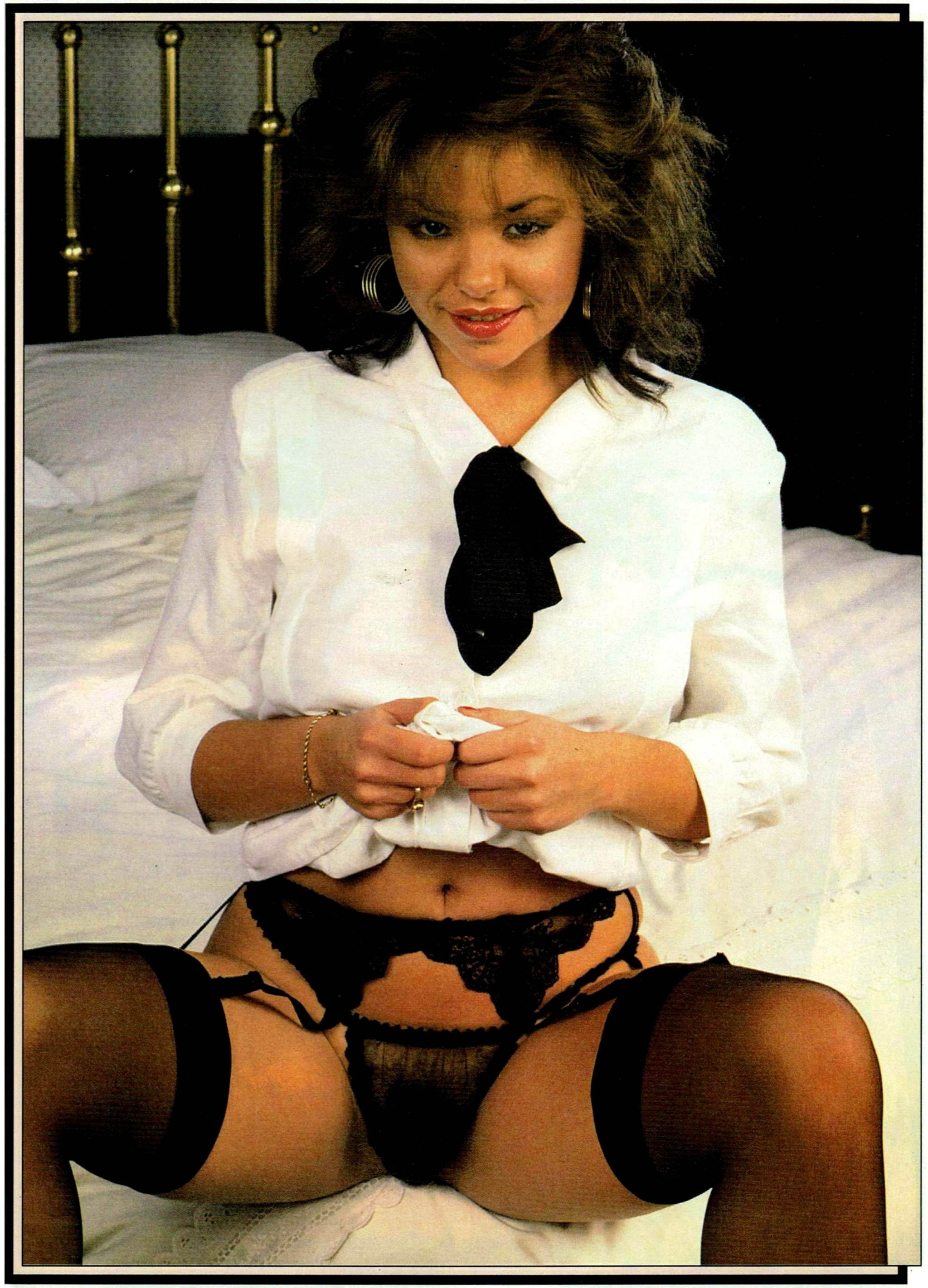
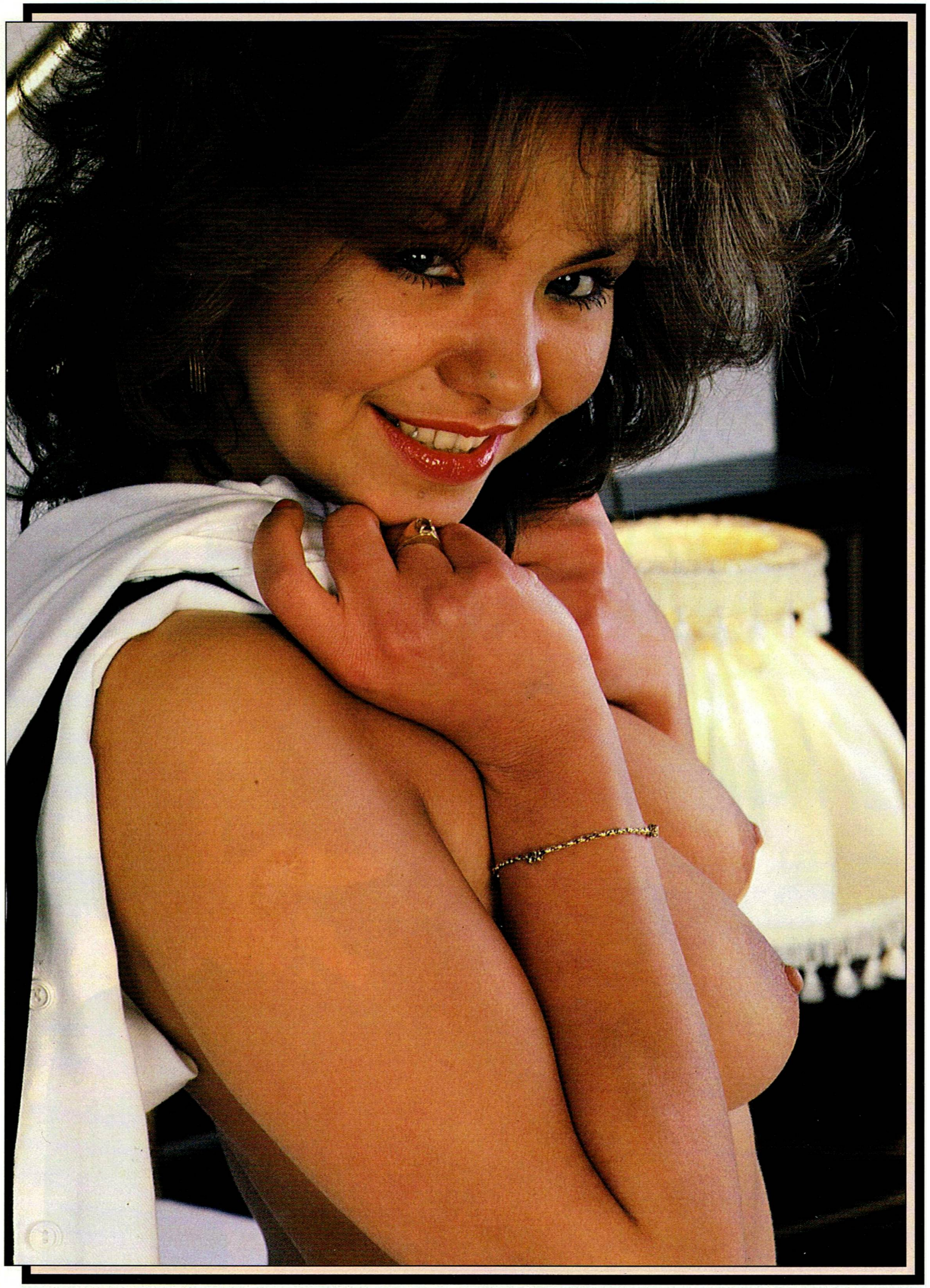


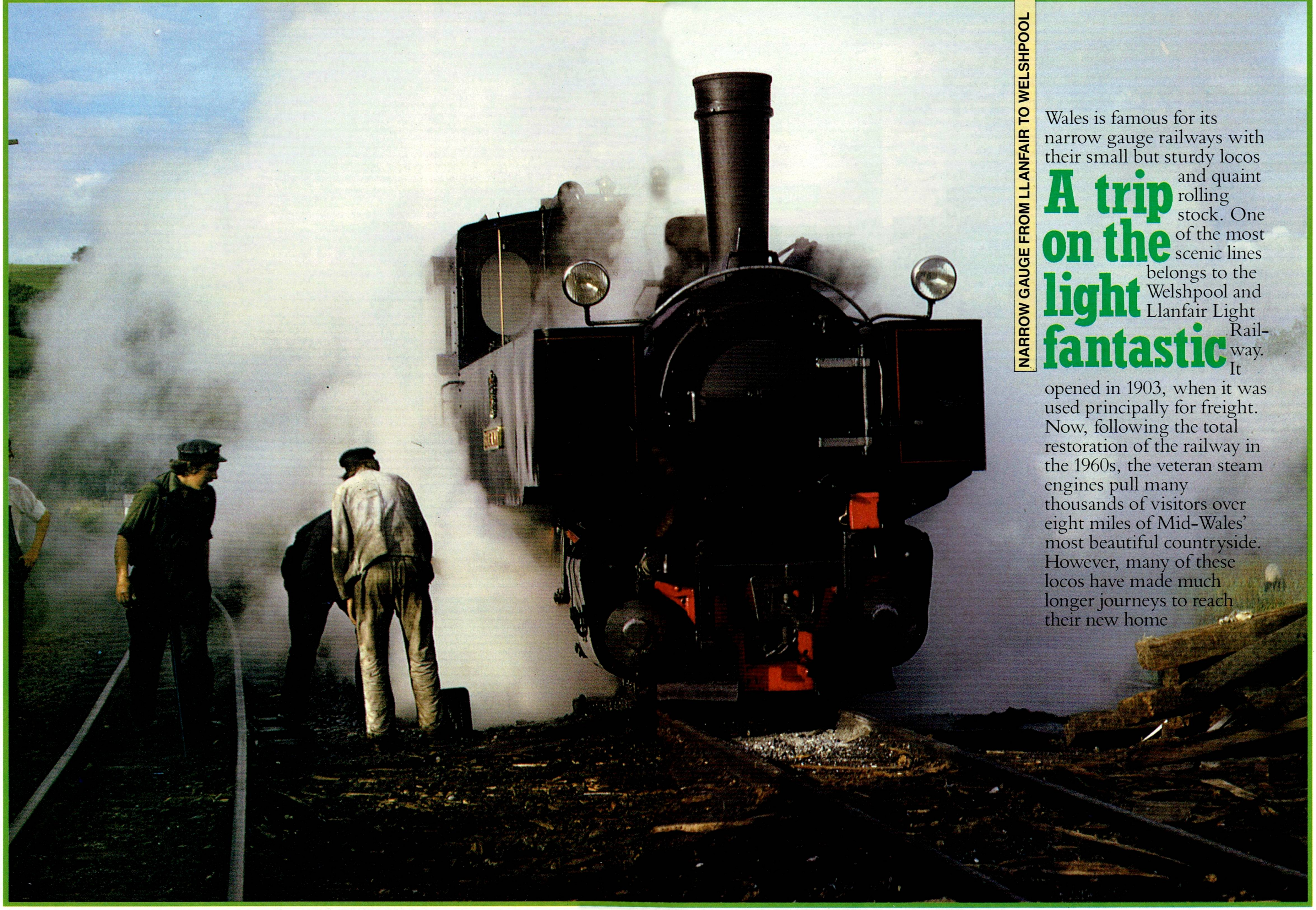
I belong to Glasgow,' goes the popular song. And if sexy 21-year-old Pamela Maconochie is a typical highland lassie, then there is likely to be a great influx of Londoners taking their holidays north of the border next year. Pamela, a pert 34-24-34, has left her native Glasgow for the bright lights of London.





Brought up in Glasgow's Cardonald suburb, Pamela went to the Shawlands Academy comprehensive school. 'I didn't mind school, but I used to get into trouble for talking too much.' When she left at 16, Pamela took a secretarial course at Langsige College before getting a job with the Churchill Pram company as a clerical assistant. 'I was made redundant after two years then worked as a clerk at a local garage.'

Pamela came down to London to make a career for herself in modelling, staying at a rooming house at Marble Arch while she looked for her own flat. 'I haven't felt homesick yet as there is so much to do down here.' But unfortunately for us sassenachs, Pamela is patriotic, and prefers Scotsmen to Londoners.



A trip on the light fantastic

Wales is famous for its narrow gauge railways with their small but sturdy locos and quaint rolling stock. One of the most scenic lines belongs to the Welshpool and Llanfair Light Railway. It opened in 1903, when it was used principally for freight. Now, following the total restoration of the railway in the 1960s, the veteran steam engines pull many thousands of visitors over eight miles of Mid-Wales' most beautiful countryside. However, many of these locos have made much longer journeys to reach their new home

Twenty miles west of the town of Shrewsbury in the rolling countryside of Mid-Wales, near the small market town of Welshpool lies the two foot six inch gauge Welshpool and Llanfair Light Railway. Built to serve the local farming communities, it meanders along the valley of the River Banwy to Llanfair Caereinon, eight miles away.

Completed in the Edwardian era, the railway struggled from one financial crisis to another, until it was closed in the late 1950s by British Railways. Fortunately though, the story doesn't end there. A group of enthusiasts banded together to purchase the line and some of the rolling stock, with a view to reopening it as a volunteer operated tourist attraction. This they did, and now the Welshpool and Llanfair Light Railway is one of the great little lines of Wales.

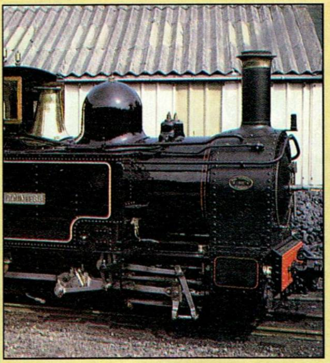
The line is unique in several respects. Firstly the gauge, two feet six inches, is uncommon even in Britain. Also, to add to the scenic delights, it dips and rises, and in places reaches gradients of 1-in-29, possibly the steepest of any railway in Britain. And as any photographer knows, steep slopes make for good steam train pictures — smoke billowing from the funnel as the engines struggle up the hill. However, perhaps the railway's most interesting feature is its highly cosmopolitan collection of rolling stock, acquired by various means from all over the world.

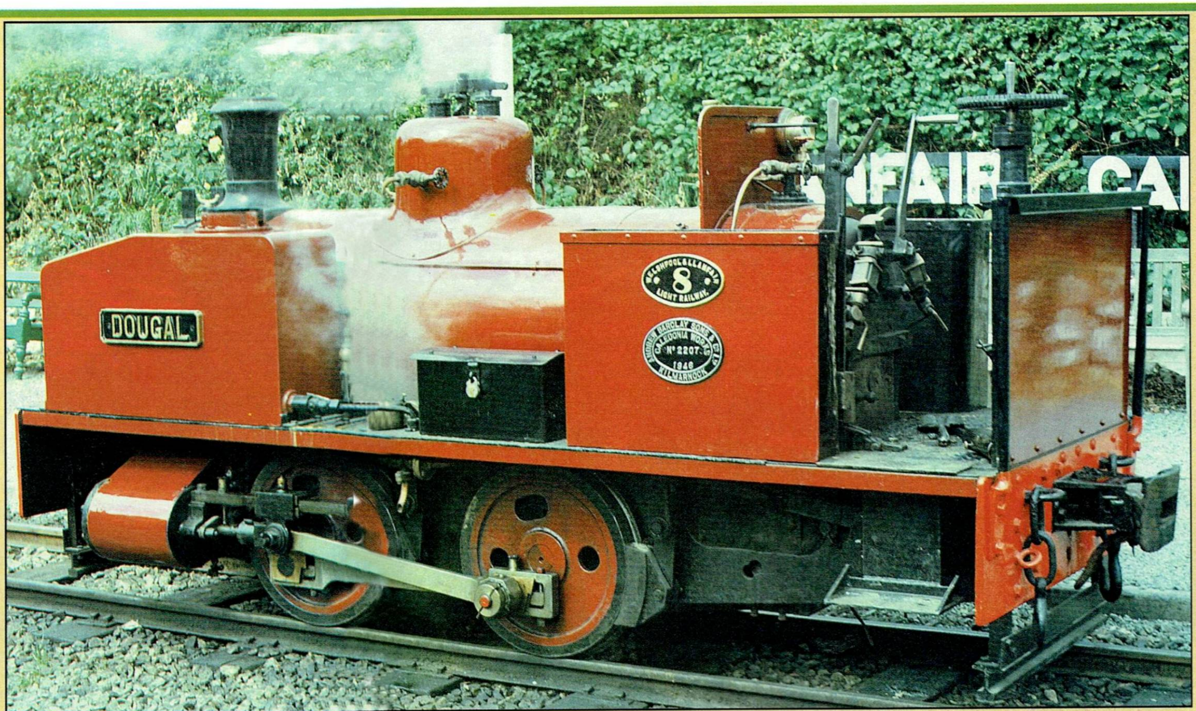
For example, locomotive No 14 was built in Hunslet near Leeds in 1954, and was exported to Sierra Leone in West Africa. When that railway system closed in 1975, a shopping expedition was sent by the Society to Sierra Leone where the locomotive was saved, literally in the nick of time, from the scrap merchants torch, and returned to Britain. With it, came four coaches, which like No 14 have been completely restored, and have been in regular service ever since.

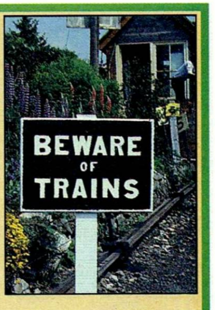
Locomotive No 12, *Joan*, was built in 1927 in Stoke on Trent by Kerr, Stuart and Co Ltd, and was discovered by one of the Society's members languishing disused in a sugar plantation in the West Indies. It had been working pulling sugar cane trains in Antigua, and had been abandoned. Following protracted negotiations, during which time the fate of the engine became an issue in the local elections, it was finally shipped 4,000 miles across the Atlantic for rebuilding in 1971. It was originally an oil burning engine, but was converted during the second world war to run on coal and suger cane waste. Despite a new boiler in 1949, it was withdrawn seven years later, which was how it came to be left alone in that field.

Sir Drefaldwyn (loco No 10) arrived at the railway by an even stranger route. Built in 1944 by Franco-Belge at Raismes in France for the

Previous page: Sir Drefaldwyn *steams around Llanfair yard. This French-made loco was built in 1944.*
Right: Dougal, *the line's shunter, made in 1946 by Andrew Barclay Sons and Co of Kilmarnock.*

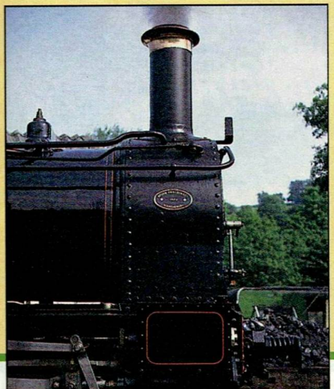


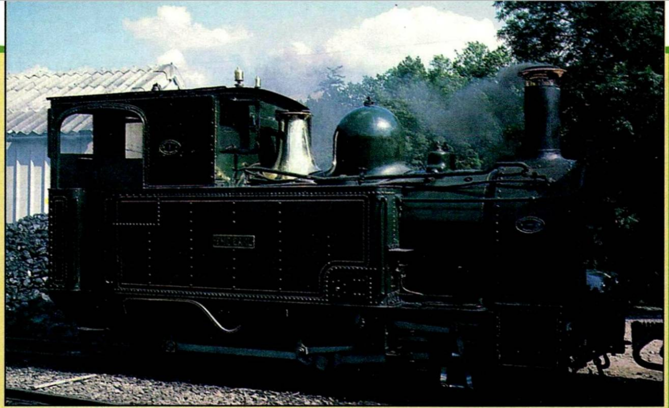




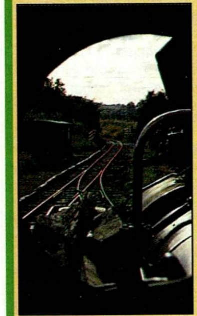
Top left, left and below: Three views of The Countess, *one of WLLR's oldest locos, built in 1902 especially for the line. The copper-capped chimney was added by the GWR.*

Left: Three of the WLLR's locos — Monarch, The Earl, *and* Countess *in procession. Below it,* Monarch *in close-up. Thought to be the last narrow gauge steam engine built for industrial use in Britain,* Monarch *was made in 1953 for Bowater Lloyd paper mills in Sittingbourne.*

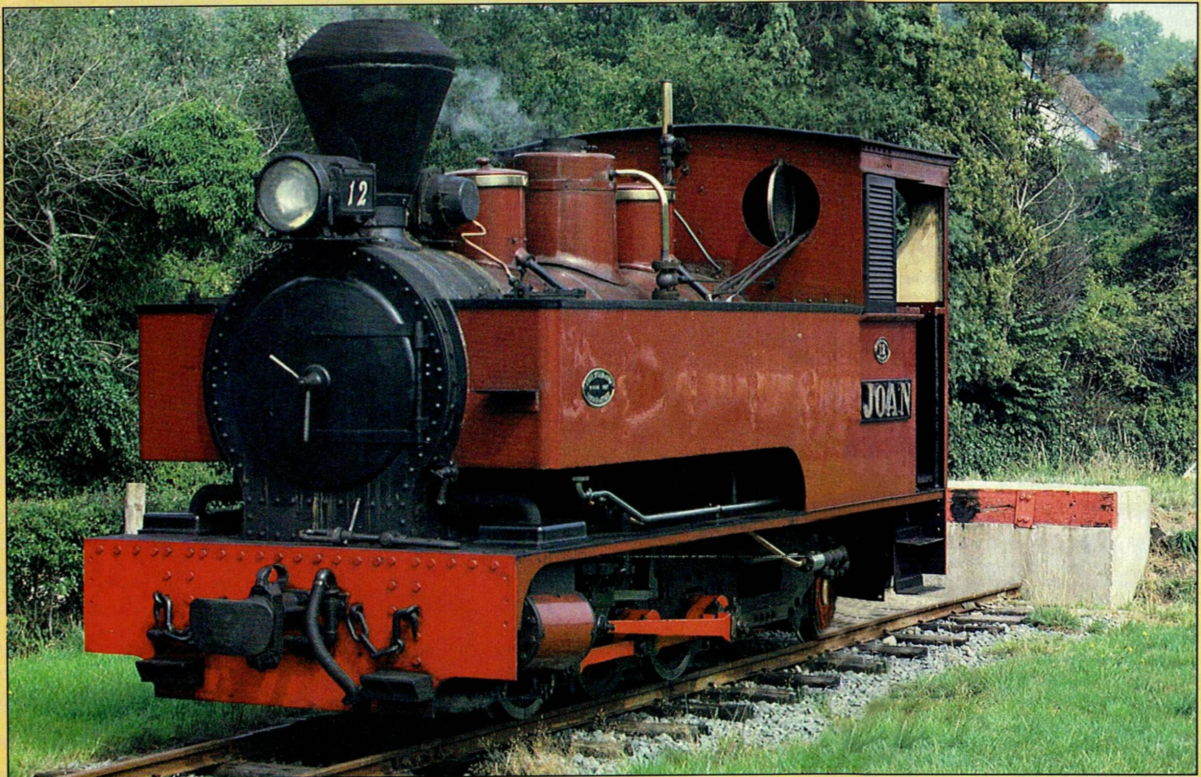


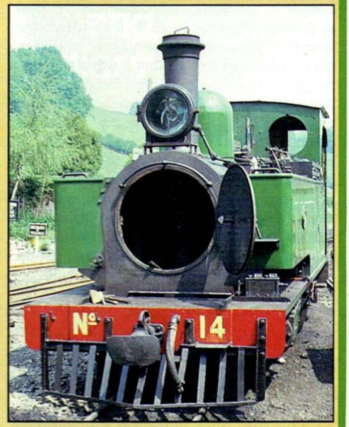


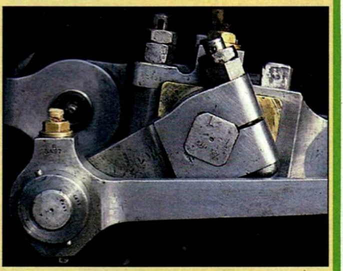
Above: The Earl, *who with* The Countess *served the line alone for many years. Built in 1902, it also has extras from its GWR overhaul.*



Above, below and right: Joan at work. Made in 1927, she spent much of her life in the West Indies. Bottom left: The fireman's view from inside her cab.







Two pictures above, top: Loco No 14 was rescued in the nick of time from a West African scrapyard. Made in 1954, it had been working in Sierra Leone. Above: Detail of the complex piston rods.

German Military Field Railways in World War Two, it moved to Austria in 1945. In 1957, the Styrian Local Government Railway bought it, and rebuilt it to its present form without a tender. It came to Wales by low loader in 1969, and has been very successful, having a tractive effort of 13,535 pounds.

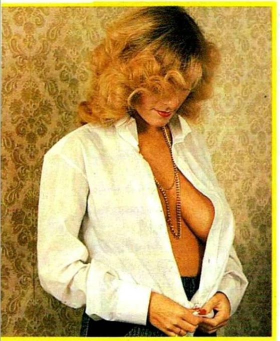
The Society's most recent acquisition is Loco No 15, one of two 2-6-2 tank engines built in Belgium for the 750 mm gauge Jokoisten Railway in Finland. It came to the railway via a barn in Wisbech, Cambridgeshire. It's the largest and heaviest loco on the line with a tractive effort of 11,850 pounds.

Monarch could well be the last narrow gauge locomotive built for industrial service in Britain. It was built in 1953 by W G Bagnall Ltd of Stafford, and worked mainly at Bowater Lloyds paper mills in Sittingbourne, Kent. It needed considerable overhauling, but it retains several interesting features. For example, it has a circular 'marine' firebox, and an eight element superheater — very rare on British narrow gauge engines.

The two remaining locos, *The Earl* and *The Countess* were built for the line in 1902 by Beyer Peacock of Manchester. They served the line unaided from 1903 to 1956, but were rebuilt by the Great Western in 1929 and 1930, and given typical Swindon features like the copper capped chimney, brass safety valve cover and large steam dome. These are the Welshpool and Llanfair Light Railway's two oldest engines, but just as attractive (despite their alterations) as they were when they first arrived.

Even the carriages are a varied selection. The four carriages from Sierra Leone were originally built in Gloucester in 1961. They were given to Sierra Leone as a present to mark that colony's independance. They have steel bodies and sprung frame bogies, with vacuum brakes — essential for the steep gradients. The end balcony, four-wheeled coaches were a present from Zillertabahn, a busy 760mm line in the Austrian Tyrol. Three of them are wooden-bodied and built in 1901. Of the two steel-bodied carriages, one dates from 1925 where it worked for the Salzkammergut Localbahn, whilst the other from 1906 was built for Austrian State Railways. The stock used when the railway re-opened in 1963 consisted of five bogie coaches from the Admiralty. These had been used for conveying service personnel on the Lodge Hill and Upnor Railway in Kent. However much of this more basic stock left the WLLR in 1978.

The railway is run entirely by volunteers who operate three trains a day during the summer, and find and restore the rolling stock. After 25 years of ownership by the preservation society, the railway goes from strength to strength.



PENNY

We always advise would-be models to think carefully before taking the final decision — but in Penny Chalmers' case it has taken no less than ten years for her to pluck up the courage to appear in *Mayfair*. 'I wrote to *Mayfair* when I was a teenager,' said Penny, now 27, 'and although I was asked to go along for an interview I was too shy to follow it up.'

Since then Penny has always wanted to reveal her 36-24-36 figure in our pages, but until now has lacked the self-confidence.

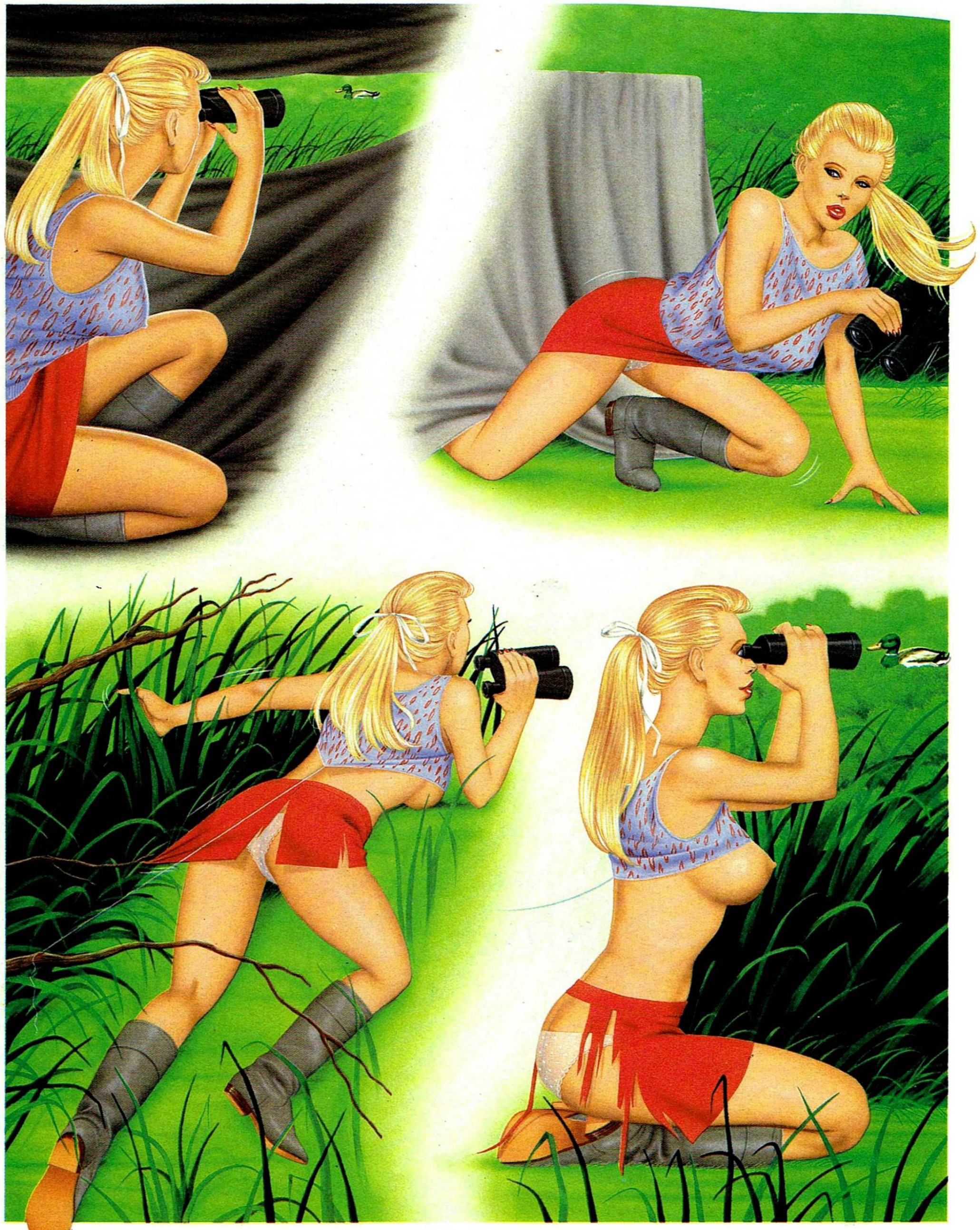
'Then I met photographer George Shelton who helped overcome my shyness, and here I am.'

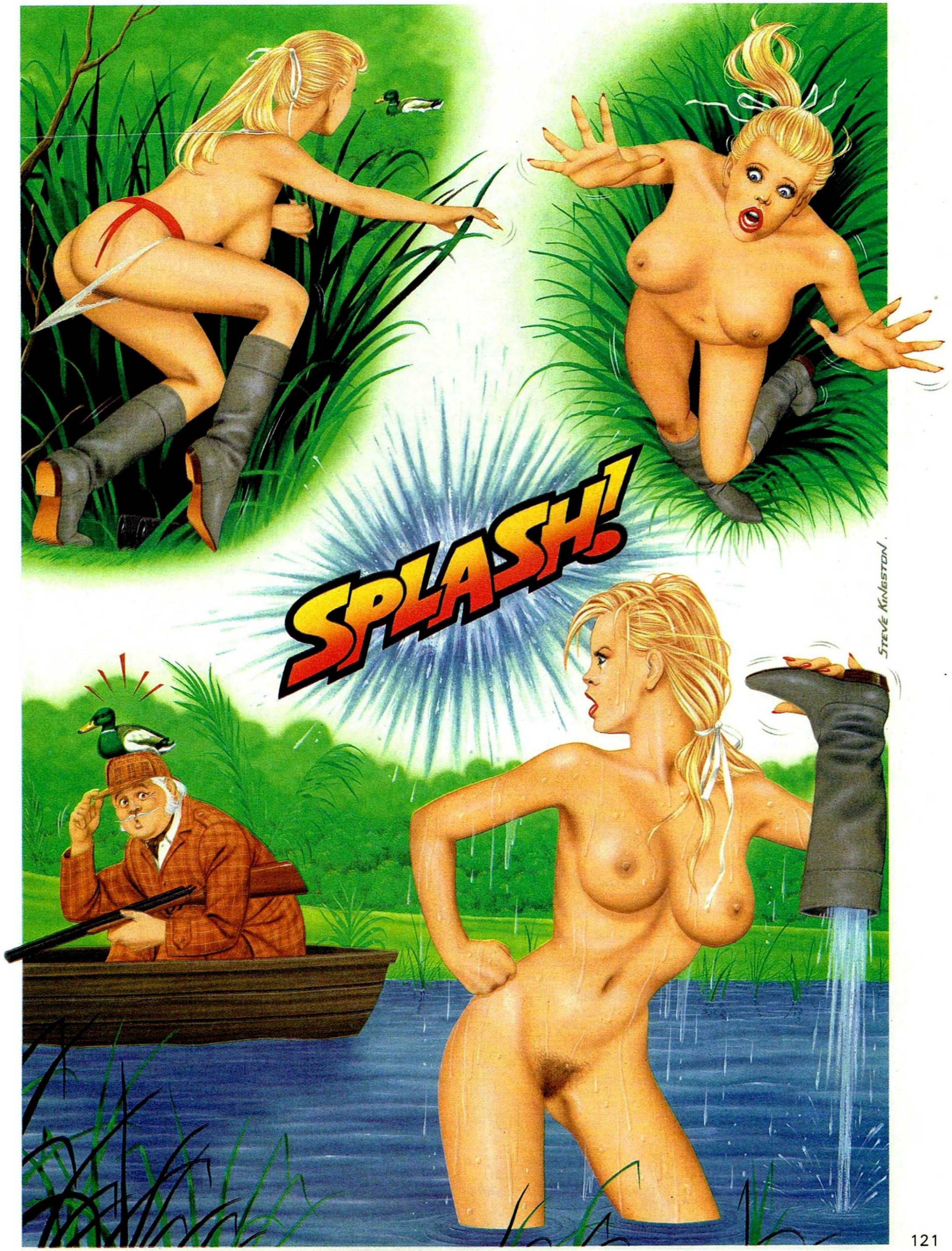
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY GEORGE SHELTON

Penny, who lives in Stevenage, works in recruitment for a company dealing with temps. 'I enjoy my career, and although I'm glad I finally got it out of my system, I have no plans to take modelling any further. Mind you, it was great fun, and one day when I have grandchildren I can take out my copy of *Mayfair*, and show them what I got up to in my younger days.'

CARRIE

Our game bird goes quackers after she gets a ducking




SPLASH!
STEVE KINGSTON